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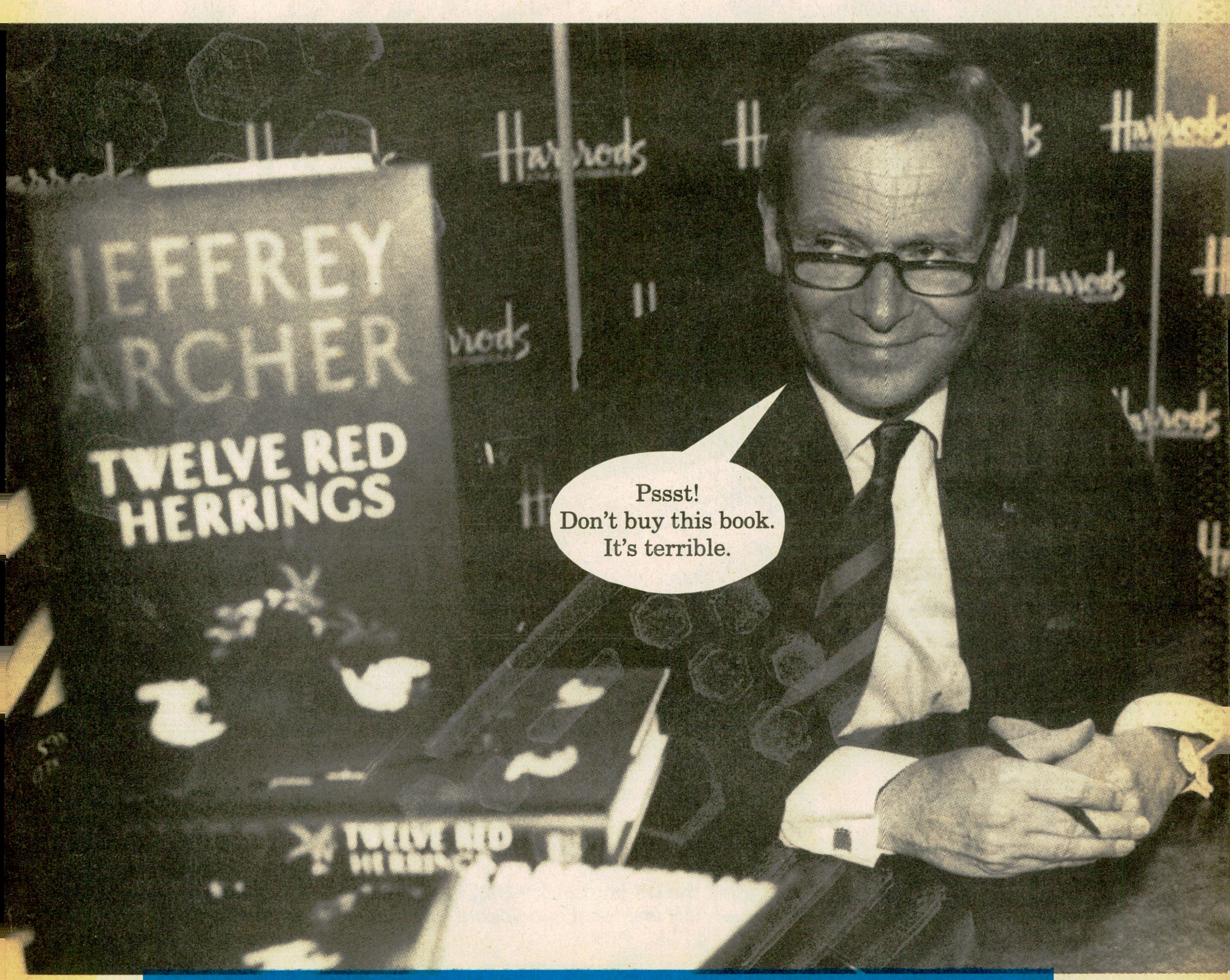

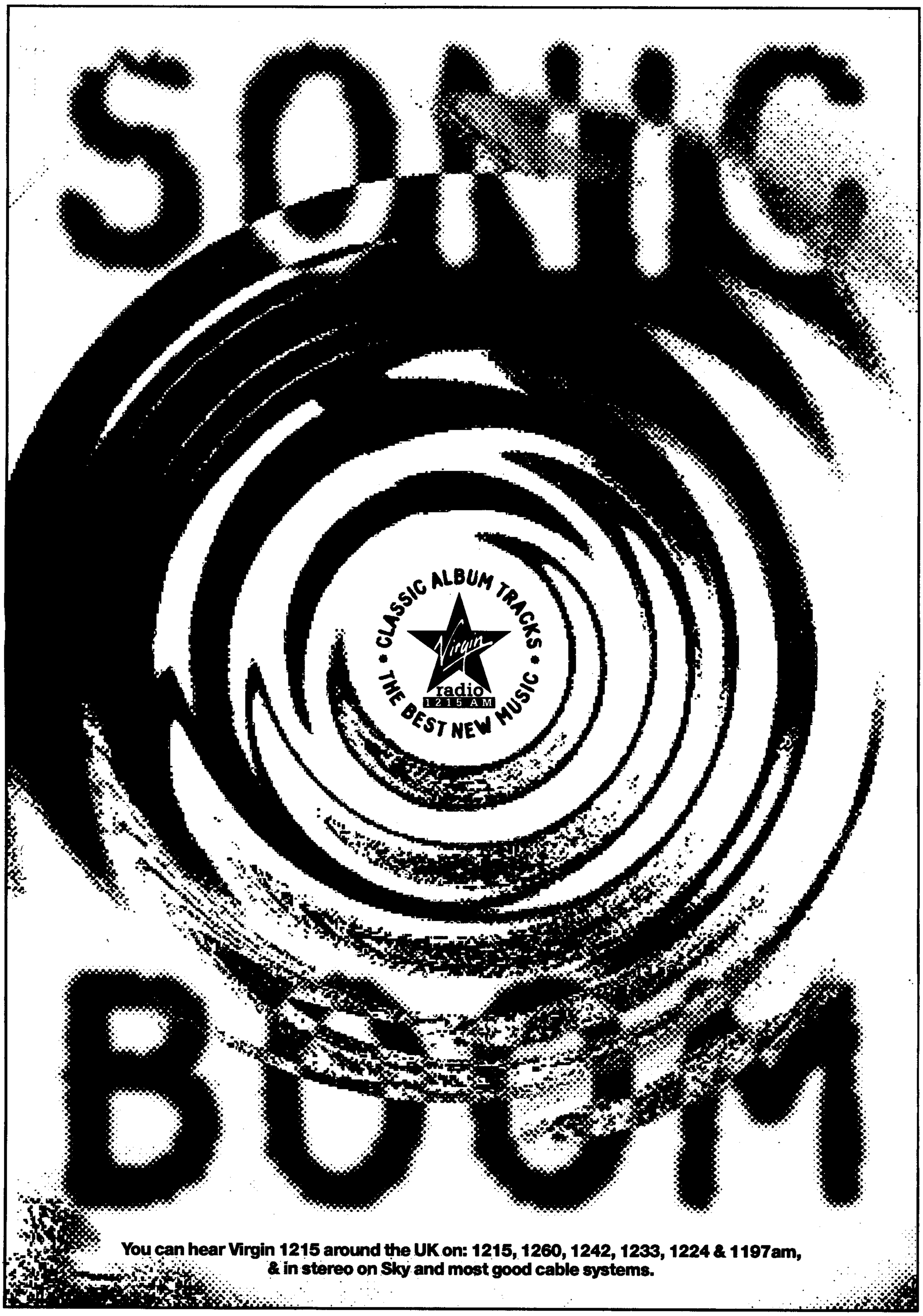

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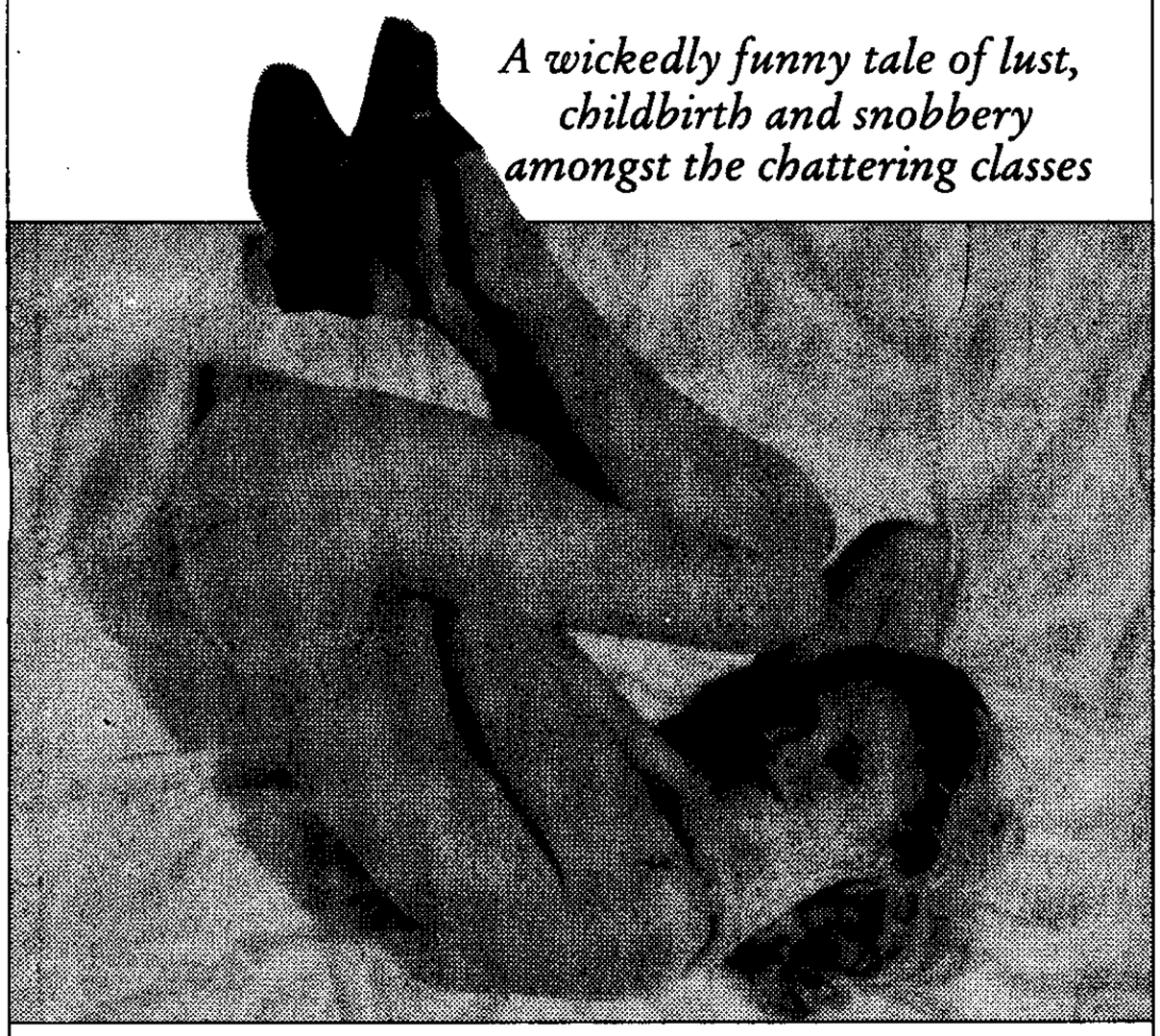

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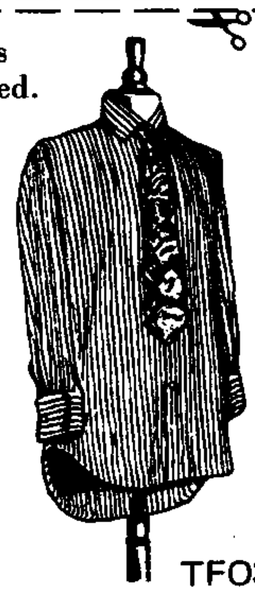

TFO3

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You may have seen the famous 'dead parrot' comedy sketch, but tragically, the same cannot be said for the Paradise parrot. It has not been seen for over half a century.

This is just one example of the many animals that man in his blind stupidity has condemned to a fate worse than death. Extinction.

Today, many more slide toward the abyss of complete extermination. Current estimates suggest that by the year 2000 (a mere six years away) a staggering 1 million species could be lost forever.

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Which is why the idea that zoos are a throw-back to the days of Victorian menageries, existing only for our amusement, is itself a concept that is rapidly becoming extinct.

The modern zoo is deeply involved with the far more serious task of helping to save what's left of the planet's wildlife.

Only by looking at the causes and effects of extinction can we ever hope to learn from and prevent the mistakes of the past ever being repeated. Which is why our new 'Extinction' exhibition is perhaps the most ambitious and important yet.

Both thought-provoking and entertaining, it aims to illustrate just why extinction matters and highlights how important zoos are to many endangered species of today.

Just by visiting the zoo and the exhibition you can help enormously. Additionally, you may wish to support us by becoming a personal, or corporate sponsor. For more information call us on 071 586 4443.

In a sense, we are all zoo keepers and have a duty to protect the creatures that share this planet.

If we do not, the notion of us as animal lovers becomes a mockery and many other species will end up like the Paradise parrot, Carolina parakeet or Glaucous macaw, 'expired', and 'no more'.

THE PARADISE PARROT
EXTINCT SINCE 1927.

LONDON ZOO
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Gnome

A STATEMENT

Lord Gnome refuses to defend himself against the baseless allegations of insider dealing that have been levelled against him by the gutter press.

He will not comment on them at all save to say that they are typical slurs by envious malcontents who wish to frustrate his ambition to serve his country in the post of Prime Minister *(surely "Chairman of the Conservative Party"? E.S.)*

As he said, he will not comment on these rumours at all. Everyone knows that the investigation by the DTI will prove him innocent but it is not his place to say so.

No, it is not for him to enter the public debate. Suffice to say that he innocently mentioned to a friend of his in passing that he should buy some shares in Wanglia Television and to Lord Gnome's amazement he did so. The company was coincidentally taken over and the friend made a small amount of money on the deal, somewhere in the region of £50,000,000.

Lord Gnome will not go into the details, obviously, but the fact that his wife Lady Fragrantia Gnome sits on the Board of Wanglia Television and knew it was about to be taken over is irrelevant.

As he told the DTI investigator, "My wife could not possibly have told me about the take over. We haven't spoken to each other for ten years."

This must be the last word on the subject, which it would be quite improper for Lord Gnome to discuss.

Written by:
The Friends of Lord Gnome without talking to him, without his knowledge, and certainly not dictated by me from my study in Grantchester.

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COLOUR SECTION

THE SAYINGS OF GRAHAM RIDDICK

(Mr Riddick, the very right wing and talkative Tory MP for Colne Valley, has been caught putting down a Commons question for a consideration of £1000.)

"Of course, by extending personal freedom and choice we also increase the need for personal responsibility and self-discipline. I believe that if people are given more responsibility they will then act in a more responsible way."

From *Conservative News Line*, December 1987.

NEWSLINE, the weekly in-house news-sheet of Coopers & Lybrand, accountants, proudly records the firm's appointment as "reporting accountants" to the Office of Passenger Rail Franchising (OPRAF) "as part of the rail privatisation programme".

The fees were estimated at a cool couple of million quid over the next eighteen months. Newsline added this caveat: "One of the conditions of our appointment concerns conflicts of interest. We have committed to identify any potential conflicts to this work and discuss these with OPRAF before accepting other work."

Always anxious to help, the *Eye* phoned Coopers & Lybrand with what seems an obvious conflict. Coopers were the firm which advised the Department of Transport how to privatise the railways, for which they were paid £1.7m of good taxpayers' money. The Secretary of State's Special Adviser was Sir Christopher Foster, director and head of economics practice at Coopers & Lybrand. As soon as Railtrack — the centrepiece of the new privatised railway — was set up, Sir Christopher resigned as adviser to the Secretary of State and gratefully accepted from the same Secretary of State (John MacGregor) the job of deputy chairman of Railtrack.

Surely another £2m for work for Sir Christopher's company in any capacity for the privatised railway constitutes a blatant conflict of interest? Not at all, says a Coopers & Lybrand spokesman. "There is no conflict in our role with OPRAF. We are confident that our terms of reference and our internal controls will ensure that no conflict arises in the future."

ONE OF the advantages of resigning as a Minister of Defence is that you can buy back the defence establishments you have closed down.

In the summer of 1991, the then Minister for the Armed Forces, The Rt Hon Archie Hamilton, announced the pending closure of the Royal Naval Armaments Depot at Trecwn, Pembrokeshire. The closure meant the loss of 500 jobs and about £10 million from the local economy, but since the MP was a Tory there wasn't too much fuss about it in Parliament. The case has now been taken up by the new Labour MP for Pembroke, Nick Ainger, who has been surprised to discover that the favourite for buying up the old depot is a new firm called Crown Ridge, a prominent director of which is the Rt Hon Archie Hamilton. Hamilton left the Government in June 1993 with a moving speech. His resignation, he said, "opens new opportunities and possibilities for me". His colleagues were glad to hear it — Archie's membership of some of the unluckier of the marine syndicates at Lloyds had caused them concern about his bank balance.

Nick Ainger and a bunch of other Welsh Labour MPs were not so impressed, especially when they found out that a few months before he left office Archie Hamilton had sent the plans of RNAD Trecwn to Rhodri Phillips, who is not only a director of Crown Ridge, but is also son of Lord St Davids, a Government whip in the House of Lords.

Ainger had the effrontery to write to the Prime Minister asking if Archie Hamilton had broken any rules by seeking to buy the depot he closed. Not at all, replied Mr Major. "There is absolutely no evidence that any conventions or rules concerning the behaviour of ministers has been breached."

LOVELL White Durrant, one of the country's biggest firms of solicitors, put out a special press release to brag about a new gong (OBE) for partner Harriet Dawes.

"Miss Dawes and the pension team at Lovell White Durrant were recently highly recommended... she is widely respected", etc, etc, it drooled.

What a pity the team's advice was never sought by a former newspaper proprietor and lavish client of Lovell White Durrant — the pensions specialist Robert Maxwell.

JUST FANCY THAT!

World Cup grips TV fans

A WORLD Cup without a home team is still managing to grip the country's armchair football fans, television viewing figures revealed today.

Evening Standard 28.6.94

World Cup 'a turn-off' for armchair fans

A WORLD CUP without a home team is proving a turn-off for the country's armchair football fans, televi-

Evening Standard 28.6.94

THE following facts may help explain the extraordinary leak of Jeffrey Archer's name by the press office of the DTI (prop: M. Heseltine).

1) J. Archer was deputy chairman of the Tory Party in January 1986, the culmination of the Westland crisis, when the Secretary of State for Defence, M. Heseltine, resigned in high dudgeon.

2) Heseltine was victim of a dirty trick/leak in which a letter from the Attorney General about the legal consequences of his resignation statements was leaked to the Press.

3) Heseltine has always blamed Thatcher and her entourage for the leak.

4) Chief adviser in her entourage was her own personal favourite, J. Archer.

- *Hallo welcomes Lord Archer* 7
- *Lord Archer's new book reviewed* 25
- *Slicker looks at Lord Archer* 28
- *Some stuff not about Lord Archer . . other pages*

"Now, I'm very glad you asked me to ask that question..."

Street of Shame

AT A recent Saturday evening conference at the *Sunday Times*, "acting editor" John Witherow was dismayed to receive an unexpected visitor.

It was none other than Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill, his predecessor, who was briefly in London in transit from New York to his "chateau" in the South of France. Neill proceeded to offer sniping comments about the first few editions since his departure, much to the nervous displeasure of Witherow. He has further unnerved Witherow by telling some former colleagues, in a manner which is only slightly joking, that he doesn't need to spend any money on decorating his New York apartment because, after all, he's only going to be there for seven months.

ANDREW "Brillo Pad" Neill's departure from the *Sunday Times* is bad news for Mordecai Vanunu, who is serving eight years in solitary confinement in an Israeli jail because he gave Neill what he called "my biggest scoop ever".

Vanunu provided the *Sunset Times* with details of the Israeli nuclear bomb. Shortly before the scoop was published, he was lured to Rome by a female Mossad agent, kidnapped, drugged and taken to trial in Israel. Neill always had a bad conscience about his paper's failure to protect its source and faithfully printed stories, usually penned by former *Sunday Times* hack Peter Hounam, about the campaign to free Vanunu.

Not any more, however. Last month Hounam wrote a strong piece for the new *Sunday Times* about a vigil and House of Commons meeting calling for Vanunu's release. Neill's successor, John Witherow, spiked it.

MAX "Hitler" Hastings, editor of the *Daily Hellograph*, is quick enough to demand apologies when he is criticised (see last *Eye*, for instance). But he is sometimes rather less keen to apologise to people who have been traduced in his own organ, as Tony Porter has discovered to his cost.

Porter is the owner of Burgh Island, an art deco hotel off the south coast of Devon. On 20 March the establishment was visited by John Whitley, the *Torygraph*'s restaurant critic. Some weeks later, the *Telegraph* rang Porter and asked for a copy of a menu, which he duly sent.

When Whitley's review appeared, on 21 May, it was uncomplimentary. He was particularly scathing about some "gently steamed chicken" which, he opined, had been spoilt "by a gauche layer of melted cashel cheese and sauteed leeks." The dish in question had first appeared on one of the hotel's summer menus, introduced in early May — the same menu that Porter had sent the *Telegraph*. But it was not on the menu when Whitley visited the place. How could he judge the dish without having tasted it?

Porter sent Hastings a letter of complaint, which was fielded by Tim Rostron, executive editor of the Weekend section. "I do not feel," he replied, "that a restaurant critic needs always to have eaten a particular dish on a menu to be able to use it towards forming an opinion about the quality of a chef."

Porter was unimpressed. He pointed out that his chef, David Errington, had been deeply upset by the article. If an apology was not given, he warned, writs would be issued.

Eventually, with much grumbling, the *Telegraph* promised to publish a brief "clarification", explaining that Whitley had not intended to disparage the skills of David Errington. When the paragraph appeared, however, Errington's name had been removed. The chef promptly resigned in a huff.

Porter again wrote to Hastings, revealing that because of the *Telegraph*'s dishonesty he was left without a chef, just as the summer season was beginning.

Hastings has now replied. "I am sorry you have lost your chef," he writes, "but I see no grounds at all to reproach anybody concerned at the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr Whitley did not like your chef's food. He may be right or he may be wrong, but that is an end to the matter."

Fortunately, Porter has now managed to find a new chef. Isn't it about time Conrad Black found himself a new editor?

TORYGRAPH Group proprietor Conrad Black has a justifiable record of restraint when it comes to intervening in the editorial policy of the *Daily Hellograph*, even though his views on most subjects are well to the right of its editor, Max "Hitler" Hastings.

However, Black's recent decision to appoint the carrot-haired Thatch-worshipper Simon Heffer to be deputy editor (comment) has ruffled Hitler's feathers.

On the day that the changes were announced in the paper, the heading above the main leader was thought to have been a cryptic expression of Hitler's opinion about his proprietor's behaviour. It read simply: "Unwise intervention."

A PROFILE by Julie Burchill published in the *Sunday Times Magazine* in March has given rise to a legal dispute.

Omnibus Press, publishers of *Morrissey and Marr, The Severed Alliance* by Johnny Rogan, have instructed Oscar Beuselinck, of solicitors Davenport Lyons, to obtain satisfaction from La Burchill and the *Sunday Times Magazine* over the lifting of huge chunks of interview material from Rogan's book for a profile, "Meeting My Morrissey", which gave the impression of being entirely her own work. Shurely shome mishtake?

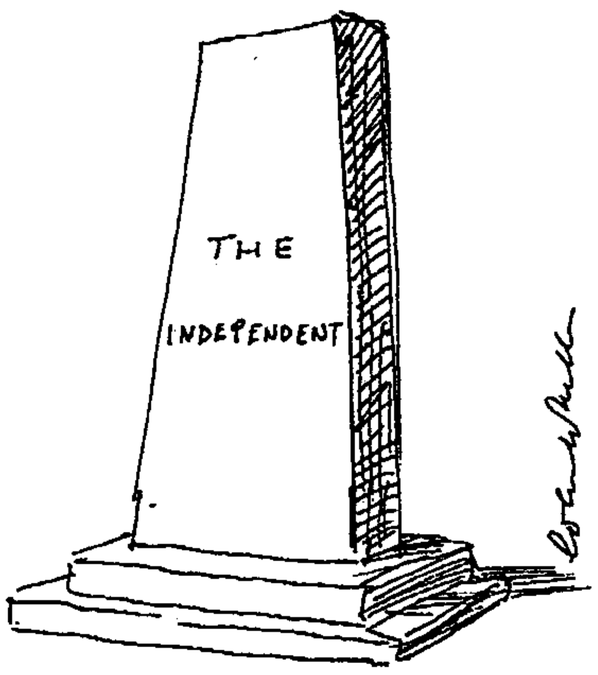
DAVID "Rommel" Montgomery's appointment of *Sun* hackette Tessa Hilton as editor of the *Sunday Mirror* confirms his desire to have "trusties" in key positions.

Not only was the fragrant Hilton one of his closest colleagues in Rommel's days as editor of *Toady*, but also many years ago, when they were both on the Mirror Group training scheme in Plymouth, Rommel and Hilton shared a house.

Still, her elevation does prove the Mirror Group's commitment to promoting women. Or does it? In her first week in the job, Hilton has already sacked two senior executives — her deputy, Felicity Hawkins, and colour magazine editor Katherine Hadley. Both, it will be noted, are of the female persuasion.

PISSPOOR *Evening Standard* columnist Peter McLie treated his readers (Sid and Doris Bonkers) the other day to a pompous criticism of the Prince of Wales for saying in the Dimbleby film that his marriage had "inextricably" broken down before he bedded the fragrant Camilla.

"Let's look at the dictionary," wrote McHackey, then chuntered on for 200 words or so about the meaning of the word "inextricable". The sage of Derry St concluded that the Prince was talking "outright nonsense" and that there had been nothing "inextricable" about his situation. A glance at any of the hundreds of column inches written about the film would have shown the lazy hack, of course, that what Chazza actually said was that his marriage had "irretrievably" broken down — something else entirely.



CIRCULATION
WAR MEMORIAL

HALLO!

The new heartwarming column by *The Marquesa*

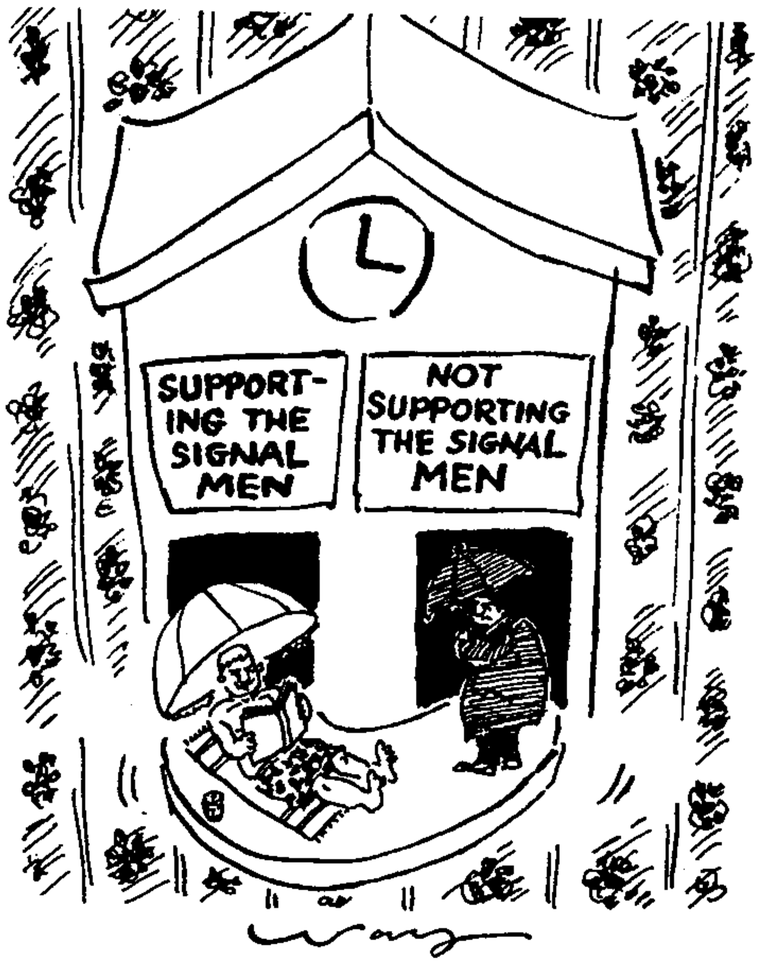
HALLO! MY HEART goes out to poor Jeffrey Archer and his lovely wife Mary! It must be so tiresome to have to keep denying the spiteful slurs of those who are jealous of his fortune and fame.

It was viciously suggested that he hadn't come up to scratch as a London police officer. It was said that he had claimed that he had qualified as a Fellow of the non-existent International Federation of Physical Culture. It was claimed he that he was not qualified to run for Oxford University, despite being such a fine, handsome athlete! He had to take out a libel case against a former MP when it was claimed that he had fiddled his expenses at the United Nations Association. The case was dropped at the door of the court, and dear Jeffrey had to pay all the costs, poor love.

The liars and traducers had not finished their petty jibes. It was grubbily alleged that he fell for a ridiculous Mafia scam about a new device which could take the poison out of petrol. Naturally he explained it as a youthful folly — but chose to resign as a Tory MP. In Canada in 1975 for the trial of his former colleagues in the firm which marketed the "device" (against whom he was a prosecution witness) it was suggested that he had stolen three suits worth $700 from Simpsons store in downtown Toronto. He had to go on denying this vigorously for 12 years, such was the persistence of his enemies.

Worst of all, he was accused of having sex with a prostitute to whom he'd given £2000. He called his fragrant wife as a witness and bravely won a libel action and a well-deserved £500,000. At least there is some justice in the world!

Now the tiresome *Times* comes up with more allegations, this time of insider dealing. When will these pygmies leave dear Jeffrey alone?



HALLO! *WHEN poor dear Jeffrey Archer seemed to be out of the running for the party chairmanship, Tory MPs began clamouring for the job to be given to Cecil Parkinson, who was described as "a safe pair of hands" who would never embarrass his colleagues.*

How true! One need only read Lord Parkinson's interview in last Saturday's Financial Times to see how discreet he is. Lunching with FT writer Lucy Kellaway, Cecil suddenly waved at a woman walking past the window. "She's a sweet girl," he explained. "You know, I can't remember her name. A very nice girl." He then told Kellaway with evident disapproval about "a mysterious figure who got himself quite well ingratiated with Margaret at one point. He was alleged to have played quite a major role in the miners' strike. This girl has been his partner for some years. Everyone thought they had parted, and then suddenly she had his baby." Kellaway asked whether the man had stuck by her. "No," Cecil replied, frowning. "He's a tricky guy."

Parkinson then gave his verdict on another of his former comrades, Sir Antony Buck. "Poor old Antony, he's gone completely off the rails... He drank rather a lot and then got mixed up with this awful woman."

Thanks heavens Cecil doesn't have any woman-shaped skeltons in his own cupboard!

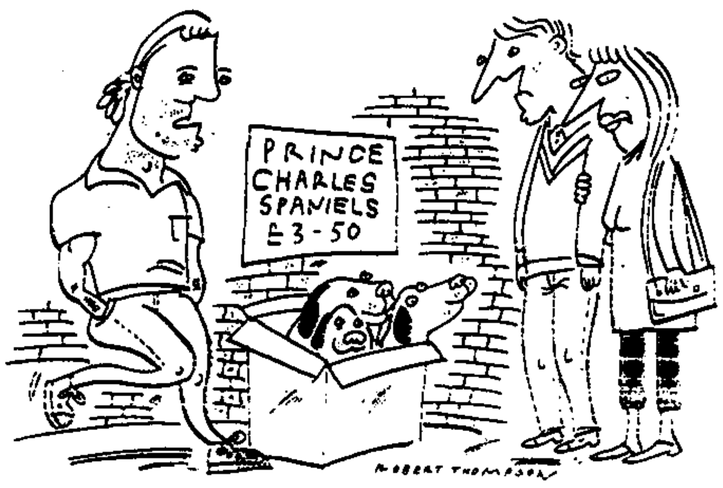
HALLO! I HAD always thought young Tony Blair was such a nice young man. But he disturbed a most distasteful hornets' nest when he appeared on Radio 1's *Nicky Campbell Show* to talk about his taste in popular music.

Apparently Mr Blair (affectionately known by his colleagues as "Bambi", I hear!) admires a rather grubby American "group" called Guns'n'Roses.

It is all rather indelicate, but I understand that black people and militant "gays" in America object to the tenor of the words in some of Guns'n'Roses' songs, as do some of the people of such persuasions in Mr Blair's own Labour party.

Guns'n'Roses' guitarist Mr Slash (what an odd name!) has been accused of doing something unmentionable in the aisle of an aeroplane because the loo was engaged; a drummer had to leave the group because of a tragic heroin addiction and the police were called to break up a fight between someone called Axl Rose and his wife.

Surely Mr Blair could have picked some nicer music as an example of the sort of thing young people should admire?



"They're like the King Charles ones, only not so loyal."

HALLO! HOW churlish some people are! When Nick Elliott's departure from LWT to join his dear friend John Birt at the BBC was announced, his former colleagues behaved most rudely.

When the traditional leaving card went round for signature, it was accompanied by a large envelope in which employees were invited to deposit cash for a farewell gift to see him on his way.

In a joke of very poor taste, the envelope was filled up with sweet papers, bottle tops and but a handful of coins. Some were heard to mutter that, since Nick is leaving with some £3.5 million from LWT's management share scheme, he could jolly well afford to buy his own leaving present.

Fortunately, embarrassment was avoided when Nick's millionaire friends in management had a collection to save the day.

HALLO! THE annual *Spectator* party is not what it was. Dear Paul Johnson was sober and no one was either sick into the bushes or engaged in fisticuffs. Only one Spectator writer ended up snogging a young blonde guest. Things have come to a pretty pass. A mere handful of Cabinet ministers and ex-Cabinet ministers turned up and we were not even given the spectacle of the marvellous Lady Thatcher having her handbag held by an awestruck Simon Heffer.

The nearest thing to a spat was between admirers of my late, dear friend and co-religionist Graham Greene. At one stage Anthony Mockler, the would-be Greene biographer, inquired of the *Spectator*'s distinguished (and easy to distinguish!) cookery columnist Jenifer Paterson what his rival Christopher Hawtree — another Greene expert — looked like. She told Mockler truthfully that Hawtree looks just like the *Carry On* actor Charles Hawtrey.

Eagerly, Mockler went off to find Hawtree. Hawtree, who was at the party, had a lucky escape. He was later approached by a young woman who asked him if he was Christopher Hawtree and explained that a madman was going round the party telling everybody that he wanted to hit him.

HALLO! *THE tiresome self-publicist Nigel Pratt-Dumpster was quite rightly humiliated when he turned up the other night for the Vanity Fair party at the Serpentine, which was attended by Princess Diana.*

Having been told that his column's regular paparazzo Alan Davidson would not be welcome, Dumpster arrived brandishing a camera himself. Even though Dumpster is related by marriage to the Royal Family, as he tirelessly reminds everybody, I am pleased to report that decorum was preserved. The security people confiscated his camera.

STREET SPECIAL

WORLD OF INFERIORS (3)

LORD Stevens of Ludgate, chairman of United Newspapers, had occasion last November to boom at his City editor on the *Sunday Express*, Dominic Prince: "I am the only person in this building, apart from Andrew Cameron (managing director of Express Newspapers), who can sack you."

On Tuesday last week at 6.10pm his lordship broke his word, when he failed to prevent *Sunday Express* editor Eve Pollard from firing Prince. "You don't fit in with the culture of the *Sunday Express*, darling," she told the pin-striped hack. Pausing only long enough to collect his pay-off cheque, he left the Grey Lubyanka. The paper thereby deprived itself of the scoop of the week: earlier that day, Prince had been offered the story of Jeffrey Archer's latest little difficulty, but he was out before he had time to pursue it.

Golding and Lady Bollard

By the end of the week, other senior heads had rolled. Mike Moore, the paper's advertising director, was sacked, while la Bollard's absurd, bow-tied deputy editor Charles, "Experienced" Golding, was "suspended".

The story behind this carnage is as baffling for the remaining staff as it must be worrying for United Newspapers' long-suffering shareholders.

Last November, Prince enlightened Stevens and Cameron about some of la Bollard's misdemeanours — notably that she had asked Golding to induce financial hackette Lucy Reese to make trouble for Stevens by getting selected City analysts to question him about the *Sunday Express's* finances at a forthcoming meeting. Her purpose was to embarrass the chairman into agreeing to sell Express Newspapers to herself and her husband, *Daily Express* editor Sir Nick Lloyd.

It was during this chat with Prince that Lord Stevens cheerfully assured him "you will never be sacked so long as the fat lady and her midget husband are in the building".

That, however, was before the City editor's latest run-in with Lady Freelloyder's creepy deputy, Golding. Two weeks ago Golding summoned Prince to his office, ordered him to sack "everyone" on the City staff and then railed against the "goys" at the paper who were always tired and emotional. He then named three senior executives as being "drunkards" — including the managing editor, John Honeywell.

Prince felt so indignant at these baseless slurs that he wrote a memo describing the conversation to la Bollard. Before sending it, he showed it to Cameron, Bollard's direct boss — who approved the memo and said: "I will make sure the chairman sees this."

The chairman did indeed see it — but nevertheless rubber-stamped Prince's sacking.

Having thus apparently proved their continuing inability to stand up to Bollard, the *Express* management then tried to make up for it by turning their fire on her sidekick, Golding. On the strength of Prince's memo he was suspended, and once he has negotiated his pay-off he is expected to depart for good — thus living up to the title of his old column in the *Jewish Chronicle*, "Going With Golding".

Even more surprising than Golding's downfall was the departure of Mike Moore, the *Express*'s advertising director. It has long been received wisdom in the trade that he is the one person keeping the paper afloat, since he brings in about £350 million in advertising revenue every year. Why get rid of the goose that lays the golden egg? No one can explain it. Still, Moore has another job to fall back on: he is a director of a firm called The Media Travel Group Ltd, which had a turnover of £3 million in 1992, the most recent year for which accounts are available. The Media Travel Group used to advertise frequently in the *Sunday Express* — but not any longer, one presumes.

And what of Sir Nick and Lady Lloyd? It has always been claimed that the only reason Stevens doesn't sack them is that he couldn't afford the huge pay-offs to which they would be entitled. But this no longer seems to be the case: Mike Moore's salary was even higher than that of Bollard or Lloyd — well over £300,000, according to informed sources — so it must have cost Lord Stevens a packet to get rid of him. In view of the Freelloyders' recent antics, detailed in the past two issues of the *Eye*, he certainly has every reason to act against them. Why is he so scared?

If he wants further proof of the Freelloyders' reluctance to dig into their own pockets when they can get others to pay, he need cast his mind back no further than May this year, when he entertained them to dinner at his house. The following day, by way of thanks, they sent him a huge and handsome bunch of lilies. What he did not realise was that the bouquet came from a flower shop with which Express Newspapers has an account — and the bill was duly charged to the company.

THE MOST desperate rumour about the Cabinet reshuffle predicts the return of David Mellor.

Mellor has been sucking up to the Tory right with a television programme and a long leader-page article in the *Mail on Sunday* demanding that Myra Hindley should never be released. Mellor's concern for keeping people in prison is not confined to the guilty. It extends even more strongly to the innocent. Readers of the recently-published May report will be reminded that when he was a junior minister at the Home Office from 1983 to 1987 Mellor was implacably opposed to all demands to re-open the Guildford Four case, lining up on every occasion with his reactionary officials in the notorious C3 department.

On the Carl Bridgewater case, too, he said he remained "quite comfortable" about the convictions. It was only after Mellor left the Home Office on 1987 that there was any move on either case. (Both were referred to the Court of Appeal soon afterwards). Mellor went on to the Foreign Office, where as Minister of State he visisted Iraq and handed out enormous trade credits to Saddam Hussein, whom he met personally and flattered. A few months later he was back in Baghdad — as Minister of State for Health. In a speech recalled with great pride by Saddam's ministers, he likened the health system in Iraq — which at that time was refusing to treat injured Kurds in the (usually justified) hope that they would die of their wounds — to the British National Health Service.

Such an accomplised politician should obviously not be allowed to rot on the sidelines.

"I WANT to emulate Norman Fowler," Virginia Bottomley told a largely unimpressed audience of the Medical Journalists Association.

The emulation in question refers not to Sir Norman's iminent departure to spend more time with his money, but his previous six year tenure of office in the Department of Health (half as Health Minister, half as Secretary of State). This announcement has not amused the likeable Brian Mawhinney, who has been eyeing Mrs Bottomley's seat for some while.

THERE *is* life after death. Take Tony Benn, for instance. Having been written off by all the political pundits he is about to become a member of Labour's National Executive Committee again.

As the runner-up in last year's NEC elections, he will automatically become a member when a vacancy is created by Bambi's forthcoming anointment as party leader. Labour's right-wing general secretary, Larry Whitty, is not a happy man.

JUST two days after Nuclear Electric — the state-subsidised generating company — demonstrated its grasp of free-market fundamentals by demanding to be privatised (thus pouring the taxpayers' energy levy straight into its pocket), the company announced that it was shedding more than 2,000 jobs.

While the trade unions are aghast at the naked greed such a move represents — attempting to fatten up the nuclear cow to induce the City to invest in it — the plan may rebound on Nuclear Electric.

John Collier, chairman, is impatient with government "dithering" but has obviously mis-read the mushroom-shaped smoke signs rising from the DTI, where energy minister Tim Eggar has plainly signalled that Nuclear Electric should shut up for fear it might scare the voters.

A PAIR of pushy Tory backbenchers could be in line for a bollocking from John Major when he finds out who they are arranging for him to sit down to dinner with later this month.

The PM is due to do his bit for Anglo-Arab relations by making a speech to Middle Eastern diplomats and businessmen. One of the sponsors of the dinner, however, is "Dr" Omar Al-Hassan, director of the Kuwaiti-funded Gulf Centre for Strategic Studies and former Secretary of the Arab League.

Major is not believed to be aware that the league sacked Al-Hassan because of allegations of financial irregularities. Arab diplomats, including the Egyptian ambassador, Dr Mohamed Shaker, are trying to have the dinner cancelled because they do not want the unsavoury Al-Hassan courting Major on their behalf.

The ambassadors blame Tory MPs Cyril Townsend and William Powell, who run the Conservative Middle East Council, for having the Arab League replaced as co-sponsor of the dinner by Al-Hassan's Gulf Centre mob. The diplomats intend to make their displeasure very clear to the prime minister.

PS: Powell faces severe losses as a Lloyd's member, but has four consultancies to keep him warm at night. He is best known to *Eye* readers for incurring gambling debts of £20,000 and being bailed out by the whips via the secret Sainsbury slush fund (*Eyes* passim).

PETER HAIN still seems to have a thing or two to learn about the subtle art of politics.

For years Labour MPs on the Select Committee on Members' Interests fought to get members of Lloyds to declare which syndicates they belonged to in the Register of Members' Interests. The idea was to enable MPs to see if their colleagues who were in difficulties on various syndicates were improperly pressing for special privileges for Lloyds — and, therefore, themselves.

No sooner had they won this battle, however, than the ever-zealous Hain charged in. When members had declared their syndicates he got an "expert" to calculate not only the losses of various Tory MPs, but also their personal wealth.

Alas, his figures were somewhat wide of the mark — giving Tories on the Select Committee the perfect excuse to abolish the short-lived requirement for MPs to declare their syndicates.

Nice one, Peter.

'Backbiter'

Anagram

Sir,

Before electing the young lad as its new leader, the Labour Party should perhaps bear in mind that Tony Blair MP is merely an anagram for I'm Tory Plan B.

Yours etc,
STEVE HARVEY,
London, NW3.

Pseuds Corner

The (T-shirt) design portrays a winged boot symbolising boldness and freedom and hence independence. The wing is from the Independent eagle and the boot is quite worn indicating that it is well established.

Independent reader offer

He dismisses my question on reincarnation by imagining that he might come back as a cockroach "I think it would be hard for a cockroach to get its mind round the concept of once having been Jonathan Miller, don't you?"

Sunday Telegraph

ROSA SANCHEZ and KONIC THEATRE

SANCTUS, THE PROFANED BODY

Sanctus is a voyeuristic and intimate installation about the body, sex and society by one of Barcelona's most provocative artists. Using computer-based technologies and human interaction including the placing of surveillance cameras in the ICA's toilets, Sanctus investigates representations of the female form whilst exploring the erotic perceptions of seeing and being seen. Spectators will be taken in small groups through unsettling chambers to bear witness to the public and private spheres of sexuality.

ICA Spanish Arts Festival

I do not go to restaurants, I go to tables. I do not go to hotels, I go to suites.!

MICHAEL WINNER
Sunday Times

On Tuesday he (Prince Charles) escorted a stunning lady in red through the Royal Enclosure and down into the Paddock to study the starters and riders before the Prince of Wales Stakes. The lovely brunette was Zara Plunkett-Ernle-Ernle-Drax, 28, whose husband Richard's family name is the longest in the British aristocracy. Zara's sister Tiggy Legge-Bourke works in the prince's office and her mother is a lady-in-waiting to the Princess Royal.

Hello

There's a cynical, dark side to soap. When you have a bar of soap in your hand it has the potential for health and cleanliness, but as soon as you add water it changes state and has the ability to poison end pollute. It's one of life's dilemmas.

HADRIAN PIGOTT
Independent

WILL SELF: But it seems to me that what you're really interested in is this dark side, this anima, the ingressability and internality of the body, one the way that culture refracts that experience. Your art is very kinaesthetic, it's about the internal sensibility of the body.

DAMIEN HIRST: I remember once getting really terrified that I could only see out of my eyes. Two little fucking holes. I got really terrified by it. I'm kind of trapped inside with these two little things...

WILL SELF: Pin-hole camera?

DAMIEN HIRST: Yes, exactly.

Modern Painters

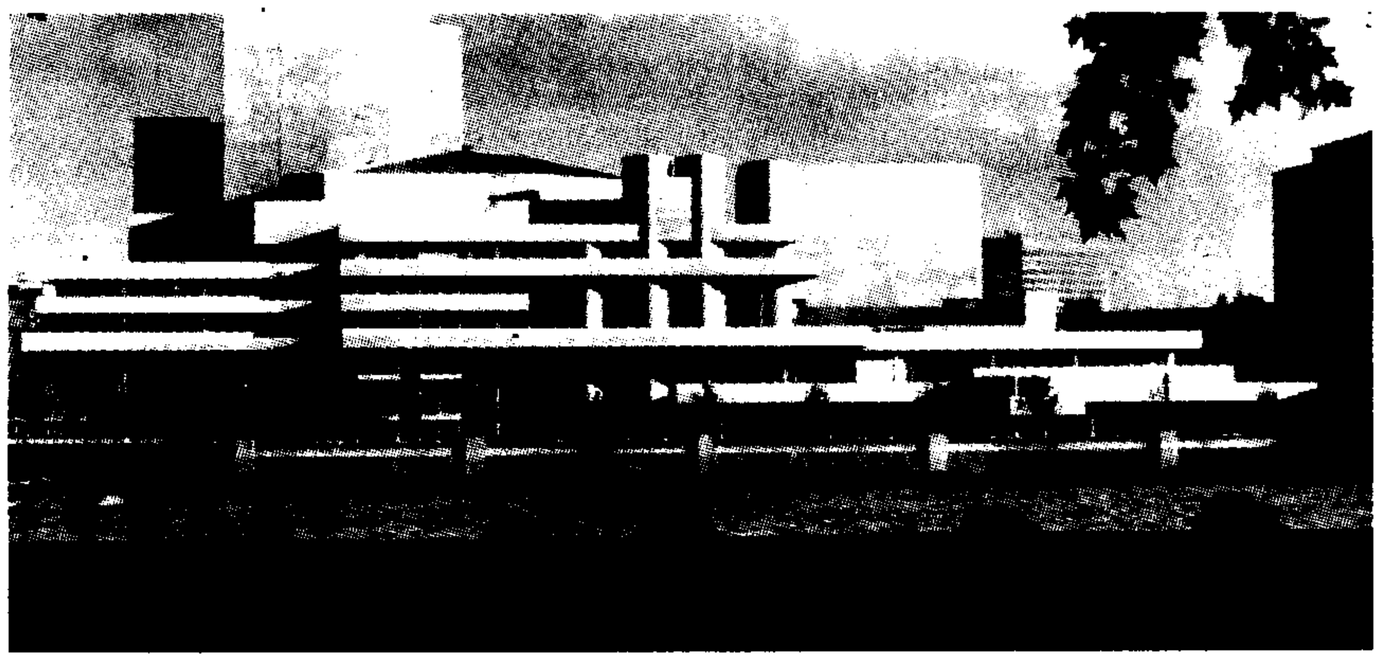
CONTRIBUTORS ; D. Swift, M. Paterson, S. Kaminsky, M. Arnold, W. MacNab, S. Watkins, A. Malpass.

£10 paid for entries

NOOKS and CORNERS

"LADIES think nothing well without an edging," was the sarcastic comment made by the aged Sir Christopher Wren when a balustrade was added to the parapet of St Paul's Cathedral by the official mediocrity who had replaced him as architect. But at least Wren's masterpiece was spoiled by a gratuitous addition rather than by gratuitous mutilation, which is the fate proposed for Sir Denys Lasdun's masterpiece, the National Theatre.

To Lasdun's fury, the National Theatre's board wishes to alter his building by filling it with more shops and cafés so as to make it fit for the 1990s. The principal alteration proposed is to remove a large part of the first-floor terrace which connects with the high-level walkway running under the approach to Waterloo Bridge to the Hayward Gallery. It is also proposed to create a new booking office under the piece of terrace which is permitted to remain. The argument used for this is that the present entry to the National Theatre is unsatisfactory and that, besides, all the high-level walkways on the South Bank are to go.



Now I know that Lasdun is not Wren and that many readers will think the National Theatre is a hideous concrete monstrosity which ought to be demolished. That, after all, is the considered view of the Man On The Clapham Omnibus, better known as HRH the Prince of Wales — and he would no doubt improve it by putting on a balustrade. But that is not the point. The point is that it is dangerous and wrong to mutilate buildings merely because they have gone out of fashion. Taste, after all, changes and can catch one out. Fogeys like myself may think the Hayward Gallery irredeemably brutal, but the fact is that a younger generation now likes it and does not want it trivialised with post-modern facades.

Posterity usually regrets changes made to serious pieces of architecture soon after completion. The National Theatre is less than 30 years old. Yes, it is out of fashion, but whether you like it or not it is a serious piece of architecture of its time. Lasdun's building is a carefully considered three-dimensional form and a powerful composition of horizontals. The threatened terrace is an integral and essential part of the composition; either the whole building should be demolished or it should be left alone.

So who has the temerity to face the wrath of Sir Denys and cheerfully to propose chopping bits off his masterpiece? The answer is a firm of architects called Stanton Williams, formerly Stanton & Williams. Interestingly enough, this is the same pair that is happy to alter the Ashmolean Museum, the masterpiece of Charles Robert Cockerell. In Oxford, Stanton Williams propose closing the entrance in the portico, making the visitor enter through a basement shop. This involves destroying the original lawns, tampering with Cockerell's retaining walls and altering what little remains of the original interiors, but as Stanton Williams have no knowledge of, no understanding of, and no interest in the work of England's greatest and most fastidious neo-classical architect, they do not seem to have noticed.

In an earlier *Eye* article on the Ashmolean, I am sorry to say that I mistakenly accused the misguided secret donor responsible for this gratuitous vandalism as being My Lord Palumbo. In fact, it is one of the art-loving Grocer Brothers: Tim Sainsbury (who once commissioned Lasdun to design him a modern house). I am now sorry to have to report that work spoiling the Ashmolean has begun, as everyone who ought to know better (except the Victorian Society) has cravenly surrendered to big money and the discreet charm of Stanton Williams. Now that the National Theatre has, very properly, been listed — Grade II — I trust that English Heritage will stand up for its integrity and say boo to the board and its smooth and pliant architects.

For this is the curious part of the story: the extraordinary respect granted to this unexceptional pair. Alan Stanton (b.1944) and Paul Williams (b.1947) have become the establishment's favourite young(ish) modernists — the RIBA was happy for them to alter 66 Portland Place with an extension (a project now happily dead). Why? I suppose because they are nice and charming and say all the right, vapid things — "a conscious style is avoided in a belief that each project is unique". But the significant fact is that they are card-carrying modernists who came from the right school: the office of Richard Rogers.

So what has this dynamic duo done to deserve the trust of those who think they know about architecture? Well, they have done some exhibitions, such as the English Romanesque show at the Hayward: all very nice and cool. And, like all upwardly mobile young architects, they have got involved with the Japs. They were responsible for the minimalist Japan Gallery in the poor old V&A and did the Issy Muckey shop in the Fulham Road.

But, please note, what is really significant about this glittering CV is that Stanton Williams has *never built a real building*. Nevertheless, with lots of oatmeal hessian and some smart shop interiors for the Japs behind them, this smug pair of exhibition designers consider themselves qualified both to hack a chunk off a major modern public building in the centre of London and to tamper with one of the finest neo-classical buildings in Europe. No doubt some see this as inspiring self-confidence in the bright new generation of British architects. I call it something else.

'Piloti'

O·B·N

SO WHAT should Diana have done on Wednesday?

Stay home and let the world speculate on her misery/hurt/isolation/indifference?

Not a bit of it. As always, she made the right choice, displaying her usual bravado, timing, beauty and wit.

Yes, it took sheer bravado to come out of exile on that particular night.

Buddy Rich couldn't have bettered her timing. Her beauty may leave some people cold, but she dazzles me every time like the most exquisite, constantly changing opal.

And wit, to wear that divine scrap of a dress, all elegance and suggestion, reminding everyone of the unaesthetic choice her so-aesthetic husband made when he chose Camilla over her.

DILLIE KEAN
Mail on Sunday

Submitted by A.P.R,

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

SALLY DEEDES

PARENTS in Kimberley, Nottinghamshire, who are fighting a plan to build a new petrol station just yards from their children's primary school, found some useful ammunition for their protest in the June issue of *Sainsbury's Magazine*.

A report headlined "Every Breath You Take" highlighted the health dangers from petrol stations: "Traffic pollution makes life miserable for people with conditions such as asthma, bronchitis and angina ... [and] there is increasing evidence that it is harming the rest of us, too — possibly fatally. Carbon monoxide levels are so localised that a small child standing on the kerbside can be exposed to levels 53 per cent higher than the taller adult standing beside them ... If only on economic grounds it is surely worth trying to wean ourselves off heavy use of private cars ... Asthma alone is estimated to cost seven million working days, representing £400 million, £500 million to the NHS and £70 million in social security benefits every year..."

The article went on to urge parents to take action: "If there is a petrol station very near your home or your children's school, lobby for it to instal a benzene recapturing system. Benzene is a carcinogen for which the World Health Organisation recognises no safe lower limit and in the US petrol stations are no longer allowed to be built in residential areas or near schools, yet benzene vapours gush out of petrol station cisterns whenever tankers refill them and whenever you fill up..."

No prizes for guessing which giant supermarket chain is pressing ahead with plans to build a petrol station next to its store at Kimberley.

Humbug costs less at Sainsburys.

Pre-School Nursery Facility Rhymes

Georgie Porgy, pudding and pie,
Kissed a girl and made her cry.
Then the tabloids ran the story:
PORGY'S GYMSLIP NYMPHO ORGY!

EYE TV

Hit The Road

(BBC1)

SUSPENSION of disbelief is essential for a drama series, but it has its uses in light entertainment, too. It's the difference between a show working and a show not working, the gap between viewers watching in cheerful satisfaction and asking themselves: "Why are they bothering to do this?" *Hit The Road* could be the ultimate "Why do they bother?" programme.

And so we're off to Scotland or East Anglia or somewhere else with lots of A-roads and an aggressive tourist authority to watch as three teams of "celebrities" put on hilarious shellsuits and drive around in Range Rovers, attempting wacky tasks of a generally rib-tickling nature. Blue, red and green teams are headed by professional ex-*Blue Peter* presenter John Leslie, pixieish ex-model Annabel Giles and a fat Australian who makes endless dreary jokes about being fat and Australian.

One team may be called upon to dress up as penguins and build an igloo, while another has to find a butcher, a baker and a candlestickmaker to sign a giant birthday card for a passer-by whose birthday it is today.

Chucklesome early Saturday evening music plays as the celebs rush vacantly around trying to achieve their tasks, occasionally being docked time penalties when they do something terribly naughtily like parking on a double yellow line. It all has the unmistakeable stench of Compulsory Fun, where to be seen enjoying yourself is far more important than having a good time. For more sensitive viewers it conjures up hideous memories of obligatory party games at unsuccessful dinner parties, or of sad evenings with drunken acquaintances who turn out to know every sketch from *Monty Python* by heart. It's the sort of Good Time Being Had By All that makes you seriously contemplate suicide.

It could be said that the Third Division celebrities hired to take part in this purgatory are abnormally brave and fearless souls, whose dedication to their craft is so great that they care nothing for the sundry humiliations that inevitably come their way. But Third Division celebs are without shame, and often without money, and will do anything for a bit of prime time exposure.

Indeed, the main appeal of *Hit The Road* is the unbelievably low quality of its participants. After the appearance one week of Floella Benjamin, the Couch Potato household reached a consensus that only Bob Carolgees could possibly lower the tone any further — and, indeed, he turned up on the show the following week. Other notable team members have included Judi from Pebble Mill; the actress Sandra Dickinson; virtually everyone who has presented *Blue Peter* in the past 20 years; Ian St John (but not Jimmy Greaves); one or two of the more desperate Radio 1 DJs; Jilly Goolden from *Food & Drink*; a handful of younger cast members from *EastEnders* and Carol Thatcher. And still no one has explained who the fat Australian is, or why it should be so funny that he is fat and Australian.

Not surprisingly, it's the sheer obscurity of most of these people that usually supplies the show's best moments. As they waddle self-regardingly around Britain's shopping centres and high streets, assiduously followed by camera crews and crowds of small children, it's clear that most passers-by recognise that they are supposed to be famous, and are ready to act in an appropriately adoring manner, but simply haven't the faintest idea who any of them are.

It's not entirely irrelevant that *Hit The Road* began as a practical joke on celebs in *Noel's House Party*, and was thought to be such a good idea that the BBC commissioned a full series. Now, it seems, the celebs are willing victims; they're in on the joke. But are they? Not-quite famous people pretending to have a great time being ritually humiliated in multi-coloured shellsuits for an indifferent audience of voyeurs who have never heard of any them? As indignities go, this ranks perilously close to dwarf-tossing. Some might say it's no more than they deserve.

'Couch Potato'

I-BSky-B

Deidre's Photo Casebook: Lindsay's new boss - day three, The Sun

CONTRIBUTOR: Steve Glover

MEDIA NEWS

HOW long can it be before bearded yob Gary Bushell and Brian Conley get married? (Would the *Sun*, BBC-style, give Gaz time off?)

Bushell has given Conley's pisspoor ITV show much brown-nosing coverage in the *Sun*. Could this be connected to the fact that he is a script "writer" for it (*Eyes* passim)? Now the *Sun*'s favourite comedian is touchingly returning the favour.

A recent show featured a robot stooge, who is, apparently, something of a seer.

"Tell us," said Conley, "what the world will be like in the future."

"Beer will be £500 a pint," replied the cheeky metal chap, "cigarettes will be £200 a packet... but the *Sun* will still only be 20p!"

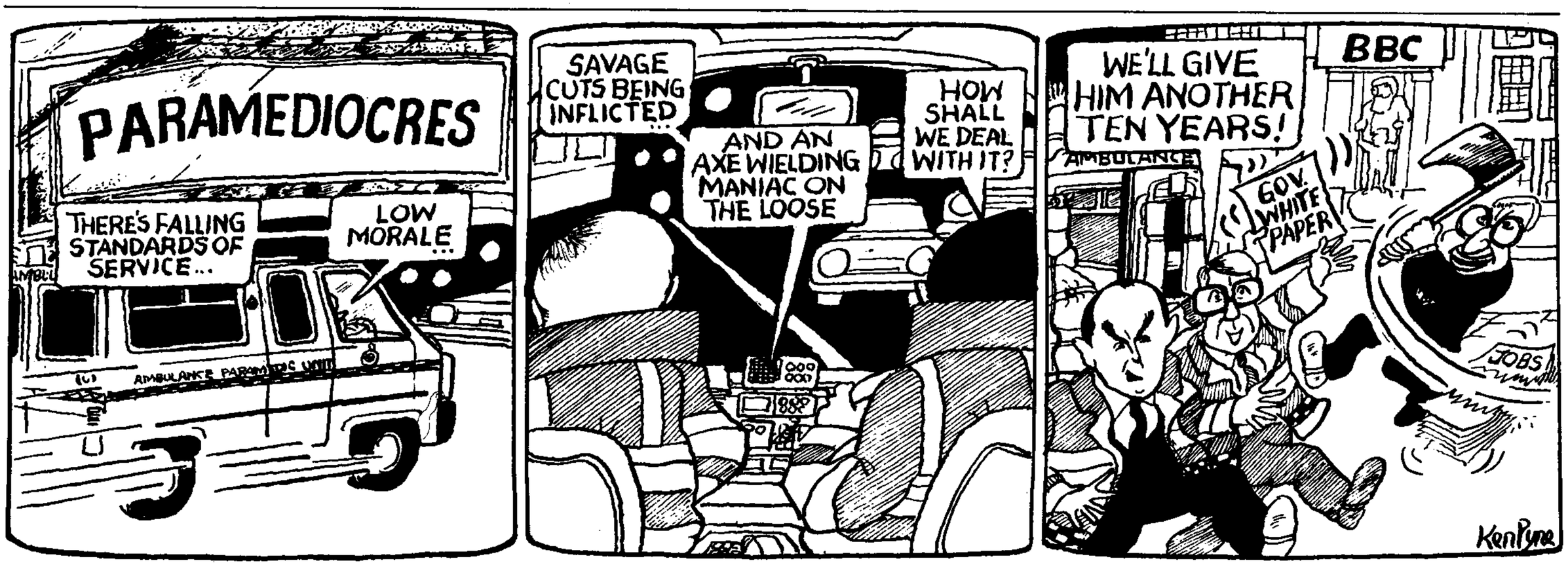
Boom Boom!

WHEN he was chairman of the Welsh Development Agency Gwyn Jones was, to put it mildly, publicity mad. The boyo's picture was a stock item in *The Western Mail* and cringing TV hacks routinely conducted brown-nosing interviews.

Last year, when he resigned from the dodgy quango after the Public Accounts Committee lambasted his stewardship, all that changed.

One would have expected him to seize any chance to fight his corner. The BBC in Wales was keen to give him air time to "balance" a piece on quangoland put together by Paddy French, one of Wales's dwindling band of radical journalists. No dice.

Now the Beeb is casting round for someone less bashful than Jones who, by the way, happens to be a BBC governor.



ARTS NEWS

AFTER the Arts Council's *annus horribilis* in 1993 it was no great surprise that five major Council jobs became vacant: Director General, Deputy DG, Music Director, Director of Combined Arts and Regional Director. Somebody had to take the blame for the series of disasters that the Council visited on drama and touring and London orchestras.

There was a strong list of outside applicants, many of whom were experienced arts administrators, for these posts. But, surprise, surprise, all five vacancies have been filled internally.

Ian "Broken" Reid, for instance, formerly Director of Arts, was one of the chief architects of the 1993 cockups. Reid was made redundant, but then immediately re-employed in the new-look post of Director of Combined Arts.

Possibly Lord Gowrie is confident that the organisation he inherited from his predecessor already employed all the most talented people. If so, then it has to be said that this view is not widely shared beyond Great Peter Street.

Rare bright news 1: The Music Advisory Panel of the Arts Council at last has a new chairman. In an unprecedented move the Council has appointed someone with impressive credentials to the job. He is Gavin Henderson, manager of the Philharmonia Orchestra in the 1970s, where he was responsible for Giulini's return to the London concert platform, director of Dartington College, of the highly successful Brighton Festival and currently of Trinity College of Music. Possibly Henderson got the job because no one from the Council establishment was prepared to take it, knowing how little attention the Council normally pays to its panel's advice.

Rare bright news 2: Rumour has it that "Hoffman 2", aka the BBC/Arts Council Review of Orchestras, expected this month, will not, as had been feared, lead to the Council axing grants to orchestras. Rather it will be read, discussed in the press, and then quietly shelved, along with the surveys of Goodman, Peacock, Ponsonby and Hoffman.

Now for the bad news: While the Council fiddles like Nero with orchestral "problems", those who work in symphony orchestras are hanging on by their fingernails.

They could do a lot worse than start by redistributing the £14m subsidy to the South Bank Centre. The recent "Meltdown" festival is merely the latest example of "Abominable" Snowman's artistic battiness. While there are good grounds for public money being used to promote the music of Andriessen, Martland *et al*, a festival of events attended by at best a few hundred people is hardly the most effective use of scarce resources. It is a scandalous waste of public funds, and an insult to the Philharmonia Orchestra, who mounted their own Brahms festival at the same time as "Meltdown", attracting near capacity houses for their concerts with the legendary Kurt Sanderling.

LUVVIES

Director Roland Joffé was standing by on the set, watching his star grow more and more agitated. Deciding to help him let off steam, Joffé drew close to Swayze and hissed, "Go for me."

"I knew what he was saying, and I just went, 'Fuck you!'" Swayze says. "And he built me to a point where I was screaming at the top of my lungs — 'Fuck you!' — backing him up, going insane, spitting all over him, going ballistic. We froze the crew in their tracks, because they thought Roland and I were really going to be beating each other to a pulp. And then it was boom! 'Roll camera.' Wham, we got it on the first take."

It was a classic bonding ritual between a director and his star. "After we'd done the scene, he hugged me and said, 'Now I know we've got trust,'" recalls Swayze.

Premiere March 1992

Submitted by B. Harris.

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries printed.

HACKWATCH
Dr Raj Persaud

"A DOCTOR WRITES" is an old Fleet Street standby: if the Queen fractures her little finger or a Cabinet minister goes down with 'flu, newspapers can always find a GP to dash off a few hundred words explaining that, though such ailments are distressing, most patients usually make a complete recovery.

But this gimmick is rapidly being superseded by a new menace: "A Shrink Writes". The attraction of psychiatrists and psychologists to editors is that they can produce yards of flannel on a far wider range of subjects.

The undisputed master of the art is Dr Raj Persaud, who in the past six months has given newspaper readers the benefit of his "expert" opinions in no fewer than 50 separate articles — almost two a week. Is feminism confounding the modern male? What is auto-erotic asphyxiation? Why do people name their children after footballers? Why does the Princess of Wales want to shun the limelight? What motivated James Bulger's killers? To all these questions — and many, many more — Dr Persaud has a ready answer. Here are a few of his recent triumphs:

29 March. A man wielding a knife has attacked a classroom full of children. The *Daily Mail* turns to "consultant psychiatrist Raj Persaud of the Institute of Psychiatry, London" for an instant assessment. "Special help may be needed for the teacher who had to leave the room after the knifeman took over," he warns.

31 March. The actress Brooke Shields has been photographed wearing a yellow T-shirt with a picture of a black rottweiler on it. What, the *Mail* wonders, does it mean? "A T-shirt is a way of telling someone something without actually having to speak to them," explains Dr Persaud (now billed as "lecturer in psychiatry at London's Maudsley Hospital").

5 April. Dr Persaud, "clinical lecturer in psychiatry at the Institute of Psychiatry", pops up in the *Independent* with a 1300-word article on screen violence. Does it provoke aggressive behaviour in children? Perhaps it does, he suggests, but it is hard to be sure: "None of these links are simple cause and effect."

18 April. Discussing marital fidelity in the *Mail*, he comes to an astonishing conclusion: people who feel they can confide in their partners, and overlook their faults, are more likely to stay together than those of a jealous or selfish disposition.

27 April. The *Daily Telegraph* is investigating the power of human memory, so naturally turns to Dr Persaud for a steer. "There is," he discloses, "a world within our heads, and within that home each memory has its own home." Er, thanks.

2 May. "Are your social skills up to scratch?" Dr Persaud asks in the *Daily Mail*. These things matter, because "how well people get on with others is an important part of mental health". Those who have staunch friends and loving families "cope better with stress", he boldly suggests.

7 May. Richard Gere and Cindy Crawford have placed a full-page ad in *The Times* protesting at press speculation about the state of their marriage. Persaud writes: "Their statement that 'marriage is hard enough without all this negative speculation' might suggest that they have experienced the difficulties any marriage should expect, but have found these more stressful and hurtful when the spotlight was turned on them." Fascinating!

13 May. Trespassing on "A Doctor Writes" territory, a *Mail* feature by Dr Persaud begins: "While John Smith is mourned, a question immediately raised is: Why do so many politicians seem prone to heart trouble?" Perhaps, he replies, because politics is "stressful".

17 May. Jamie Lee Curtis has admitted that, when she lost her virginity, she immediately rang her mother to break the good news. The *Evening Standard* asks Dr Persaud what he makes of it all. "I think there are positive and negative aspects to Jamie Lee Curtis's decision to ring her mother," he opines judiciously.

20 May. The Princess of Wales is said to be spending thousands of pounds a month on keep-fit sessions, manicures, aromatherapy, colonic irrigation and so forth. Dr Persaud informs *Hellograph* readers that the obsessive quest for physical perfection does not automatically bring happiness. It can even lead to "self-absorption".

20 May. Same day, over at the *Mail*, Dr Persaud is offering his thoughts on child-killer Robert Black, who was himself abused as a child. "Childhood abuse does not necessarily lead to paedophilia," he writes. Sometimes it does, sometimes it doesn't.

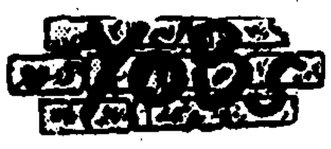
31 May. Are you a hypochondriac? Dr Persaud sets *Mail* readers a test to find out. If you "worry about catching things", "take more sick leave than most", "often worry my doctor may be wrong" and "often fear the worst" when ill, then the chances are that you "are scoring high on hypochondriasis". Cripes!

6 June. Brooding on Alan Clark and the Harkess coven, Persaud asks *Mail* readers: "How vulnerable would you really be to adultery?" His brilliant answer is that if you are close to your partner and you think "adultery is wrong", you are less likely to be unfaithful.

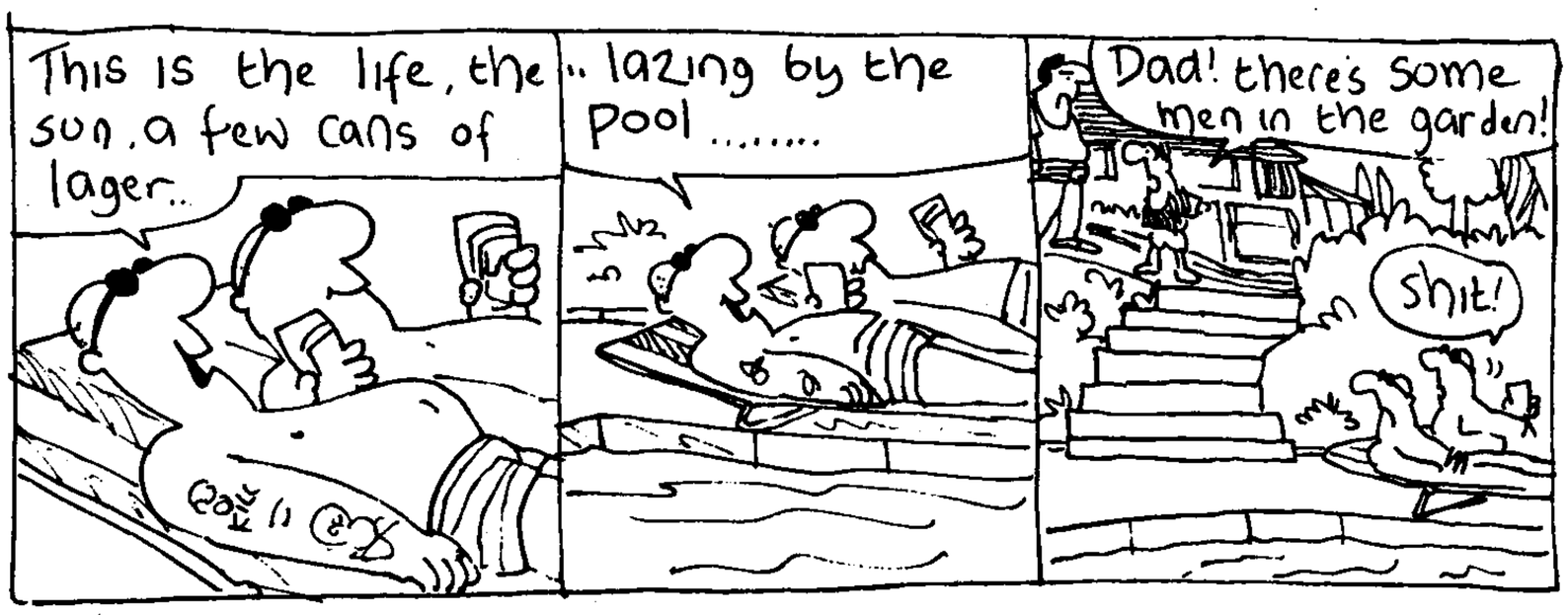
13 June. Questions, questions. "So how happy is your family?" is today's brain-teaser from Dr Persaud in the *Mail*. If you often talk things over as a family, and respect one another's opinions, and don't lose your temper, then "your family is scoring high on harmony".

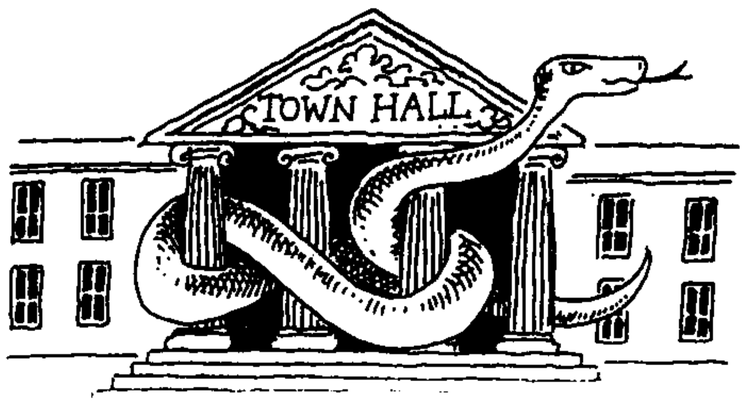
27 June. How can you discover if you are a vengeful person? Persaud tells *Mail* readers that if you think "turning the other cheek is good for you", then you're unlikely to take revenge; but if you believe in settling scores, "you are more likely than most to commit a vengeful act".

4 July. New-born baby Abbie Humphries has been snatched from hospital by a bogus nurse. "What kind of woman could cause such misery to another by stealing a baby?" asks Dr Raj Persaud in the *Mail*. In most cases it is the result of "complex psychological influences", but he ventures to suggest that the kidnapper may have had some sort of "need for a baby". Who would have guessed it?



HUSBAND





ROTTEN BOROUGHS

ABERDEEN

DISGRACED former chief executive of Aberdeen District Council, Donald MacDonald, is laughing all the way to the bank. In 1990 he offered bogus qualifications, successfully covered up his previous criminal convictions for fraud and theft, and was selected by the Labour-controlled council for the £60,000-a-year chief executive post, despite revelations in the Glasgow *Herald* newspaper about his murky past.

In January this year (*Eye* 840) facts about his phoney qualifications re-surfaced. The local government union Unison, and angry Aberdonians, were given the rubber ear when they demanded MacDonald be prosecuted for bringing their city — and the council — into disrepute. Instead, Scotland's supreme Walter Mitty was allowed to resign with a golden handshake of £300,000. After a public outcry the decision to hand con-artist MacDonald such a vast sum was put on hold.

Now Grampion Regional Council, administrator of Aberdeen's superannuation fund, has "very reluctantly agreed after advice from a QC" to pay Donald A. MacDonald the £300,000 package — including an immediate £30,000 payment in lieu of notice!

BIRMINGHAM

BIRMINGHAM wimmins unit chief Nancy Johnson is fast becoming the most investigated woman to have ever retained her job — but it may not last for long.

She was first investigated by Patricia Scotland QC following a £250,000 deficit at the Harambee Housing Association, which Johnson chaired. Scotland was appointed by the Housing Corporation, the quango in charge of housing associations. When the corporation got her report it sacked Johnson from Harambee after a variety of exotic allegations (*Eyes* passim) — but refused to let anyone see the report.

Meanwhile the council launched its own inquiry into allegations of profligate spending by the wimmins unit for events at Birmingham's Wimmins' Festival.

City treasurer Roger Burton and community affairs director Bruce Epps conducted the probe. They, too, have refused to tell anyone what is in their report — except the council's leader, Theresa Stewart, who happens to be a good friend of Johnson's.

Stewart promised to set up yet another inquiry, this time conducted by councillors. It was due to start work in April, but the members still have to be appointed. Why all the delays? Could it be because Johnson's £42,000 a year contract expires in November — when she will be able to slip away with a £120,000 lump sum and a fat pension?

ALBERT BORE is one of Birmingham's most senior Labour councillors. He is secretary to the Labour group, used to chair the powerful economic development committee and is widely tipped as a leader-in-waiting.

He is also on remand for allegedly assaulting his wife by pouring boiling coffee over her. The bail conditions forbid him from living at the family home.

Bore is a doctor of philosophy and a lecturer in Aston University's Electronic Engineering Department. His wife, fellow Labour councillor and magistrate Najma Hafeez, has now won an injunction banning him from going near her or their two children.

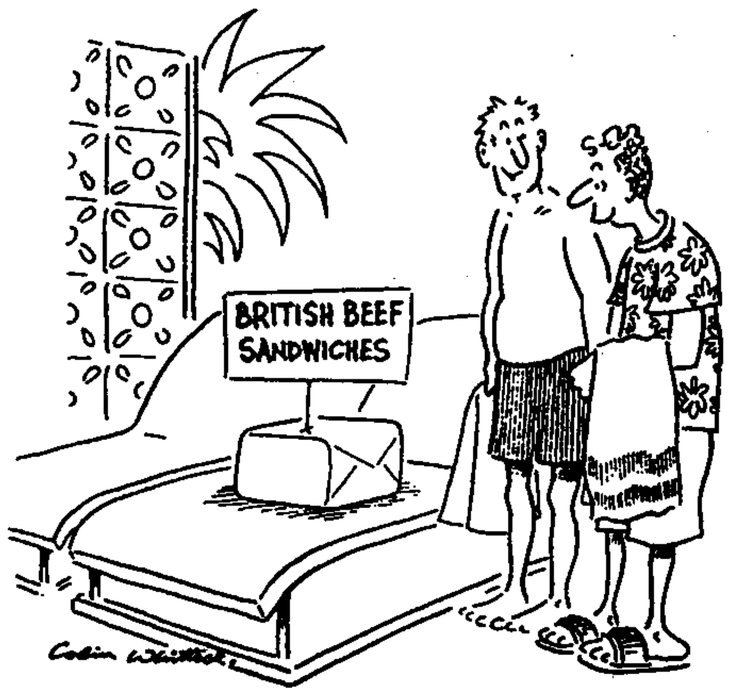
An interesting trial is expected shortly.

UN NEWS

WHY was the rest of the world so eager to appease the French by pretending the Gallic task force to defend their genocidal Hutu militia chums from the Rwanda Patriotic Front is a UN "peacekeeping" operation?

One reason, Bosnia-style, was that they were all too chicken to stand up for the real victims. Another was that it was heartily recommended by UN secretary general Boutros Boutros-Ghali. Boo-Boo is keen to suck up to the French, who backed him for the secretary-generalship first time round and will, he hopes, support him for a second disastrous term at the helm.

The third was that Paris had struck a deal with Washington. Let us do what we want in our backyard, and we will support you over Haiti. Neat deal. Shame about the 500,000 massacre victims, but that's the politics of "peacekeeping" for you.



"I find it keeps the Germans off the sunbeds."

DOWN ON THE FARM

CHOOSING the first day of the Royal Show to launch a counter-offensive against farming suicide, the Duke of Westminster has presented a report on "easing rural stress". More than 500 male farmers and farm workers have taken their own lives since 1979, twice the national average rate (*Eye* 834).

Central to the anti-suicide strategy is a "national research programme" funded by the Department of Health. Researchers will interview families and friends of 50 farmers who have taken their own lives.

Conspicuously absent from the study is any detailed research into the precise effects of nerve gas based organo-phosphorus (OP) pesticides, which are known to cause suicidal depression. According to a senior researcher, looking for evidence to link suicide with pesticide usage would require "a much larger study", for which there are "no plans".

Under the aegis of the benevolent Duke, therefore, it seems that poisoned farmers, desperate for practical support and treatment, will have to be content with "counselling schemes", and a report which recommends "networking between those involved in the provision of support".

One troubled farmer, however, found a visit by the Duke's "networking counsellors" so stressful that he found himself thinking of suicide as a way of getting shot of them. Networking, it seems, is not working. Nor can it be the answer if an important cause of suicide is pesticide exposure.

ONE MAN not contemplating suicide, despite a dose of "rural stress" which would have sent others to the wall, is dairy farmer Tim Blything who, with his wife Linda, has suffered massive stock losses as a result of Bovine Immunodeficiency Virus (BIV), better known as cattle AIDS. His pedigree herd, once worth nearly £300,000, has been ravaged by the disease and is now valueless.

The Ministry of Agriculture's view that the disease is minor, causing no more than passing "flu-like symptoms" is not shared by the Blythings who have yet to receive a satisfactory explanation as to why this "mild" infection ripped through their 115-strong herd.

And while the Ministry has been anxious to play down possible threats to human health, experts elsewhere have been concerned at an alarming rise in food poisoning associated with cattle sources. Given that BIV reduces immunity, exposing cattle to infection from any passing bug, some suspect that this disease and the upsurge in food-poisoning might in some way be linked.

Not so Mr Keith Meldrum, MAFF's Chief Veterinary Officer. While he admits that BIV is "widespread", he has told the Blythings that they are free to sell their cattle for human consumption. Perhaps in the interests of public health, the overdue suicide of certain mad officials might not be such a bad thing.

IF STRESS was any measure of suicide potential, another prime candidate might be the courageous vet, Roger Eddy, who for more than a year has been contesting allegations by Wiltshire County Council that he caused "unnecessary suffering" to a pig. When, in June last year, his appeal to Swindon Crown Court against a fine of £1,500 succeeded, he thought this might be the end of the matter (*Eye* 822).

However, former used car salesman Nigel Dunsford, now Wiltshire's chief animal health officer, has finally managed to get the case aired in front of Justice Butler-Sloss. Last month, apparently with some reluctance, Schloss decided that the Swindon court had been premature in granting Eddy his appeal.

The case must be returned to Swindon, for yet another hearing — which Eddy is confident he will win. But by then he will have stacked up some £70,000 in legal fees. In this crazy legal system of ours, even if he is awarded costs, he is only likely to recover 60 to 70 per cent of his outlay.

Legal experts consider that if there had been a case to answer it should have been taken against the farmer who owned the pig, not Eddy. Had it been successful, Eddy could have been sued for negligence, a civil action for which he carried insurance.

Because the case against him is a criminal matter, Eddy cannot claim and must cover any losses himself. Dunsford, meanwhile, can rely on the chargepayers of Wiltshire to pick up the tab for his legal extravaganza, giving him a risk-free run at trying to prove his point.

Donations for the Roger Eddy Fighting Fund, sent care of New Muckspreader, will be passed to Mr Eddy.

'New Muckspreader'

Old Macdonald

ALBERT

THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY MR 'M'. JUST WAIT 'TILL YOU SEE WHAT IVE GOT FOR YOU!
ER... I DONT THINK...
GLUXWELL CHEMICALS
OXYNOOP! A REAL BOON FOR TODAYS HARD PRESSED FARMER. THIS LITTLE WONDER CAN RID THE FARM OF ALL PESTS IN JUST ONE APPLICATION!
OXYNOOP
OH—GO ON THEN. I SUPPOSE ILL GIVE IT A GO.
HES ONLY BLOODY RIGHT RENÉ!!

DOING THE ROUNDS

IN MARCH, Basingstoke's Park Prewett hospital turfed out 19 patients from its psycho-geriatric ward to private nursing homes as part of the Government's "care in the community" programme. Thus far, eight of them have died.

Six were deemed "too ill to move" by mental health consultant Dr Pearl Hettiaratchy, and three died within two weeks of transfer. No GP cover was arranged for the patients for five weeks, and social workers were told not to get involved. North and Mid Hampshire Health Commission rushed through the ejections when Dr Hettiaratchy was out of the country and completed them before the end of the financial year. As spokesperson Sarah Ponsford put it: "The aim was to move them closer to their relatives." Presumably those already in the cemetery.

● HOSPITALS in **Wales** are to escape Mrs Bottomley's completely useless £500,000 league tables because Welsh Secretary John Redwood has decided "there aren't enough hospitals in Wales to make them worthwhile". Meanwhile, staff at **Kidderminster** Healthcare NHS trust are not happy with their league position (bottom) or the "statistics" on which this was based. Mrs Bottomley claims the trust only sees 17 per cent of general surgery patients within three months and 8 per cent of oral surgery patients in a year. Staff say the true figures are 63 per cent and 96 per cent. As local BMA secretary Dr David Brownridge put it: "I have never received any complaints from patients about waiting times, which are often shorter than other local hospitals. It illustrates the stupidity of league tables."

● **DARTFORD and Gravesham** NHS trust and West Kent Health Authority have admitted running a two-tier admission scam in a bid to claw back £700,000. Orthopaedic surgeon Anthony Leyshon was ordered to stop taking all but emergency cases from non-fundholding GPs in the district, whilst simultaneously operating on fundholding patients.

● THE London Ambulance Service took two hours to collect a 93-year-old lady from **Kingston-upon-Thames** because her condition was "urgent" and not "an emergency". And in **Coventry**, the husband of a woman who was having a heart attack was told he would have to wait for an ambulance to come from the centre of Birmingham. When it arrived, the man was asked for directions to the nearest hospital by the driver.

● **REDBRIDGE and Waltham Forest** Health Authority has suspended routine surgery just three months into the financial year, whilst **Bromley** Health Authority already faces an £800,000 reduction in funding this year and £1.2 million next year.

● MANAGERS at London's **Charing Cross hospital** have concocted a business plan to head hunt a specialist from the Royal Marsden hospital "to assist in destabilising a competitor". Meanwhile, **Guy's** hospital's newly-completed £140 million Philip Harris wing has been reduced to a shopping mall and private hotel since Sir Philip's decision to disassociate himself from the doomed trust. Part of the wing has been opened to accommodate the Kuwaiti royal family, though no NHS patient has yet graced the corridors. The original intention was for the PHW to accommodate five acute wards, a 100-bed mental health unit, out-patient clinics and laboratories — but the transfer of power to the largely masonic St Thomas' has meant that the only action PHW will see is a spot of private day surgery. Guy's and St Thomas' have already sent a desperate mailshot to 1000 local GPs, asking them to display their private price-list in waiting rooms.

● SURGEONS at **Liverpool**'s financially challenged Wirral trust have been asked to clean their own operating shoes and all theatre staff have been asked to provide their own milk, coffee, tea and sugar for their (rare) breaks between operations. Water, however, is currently provided free of charge.

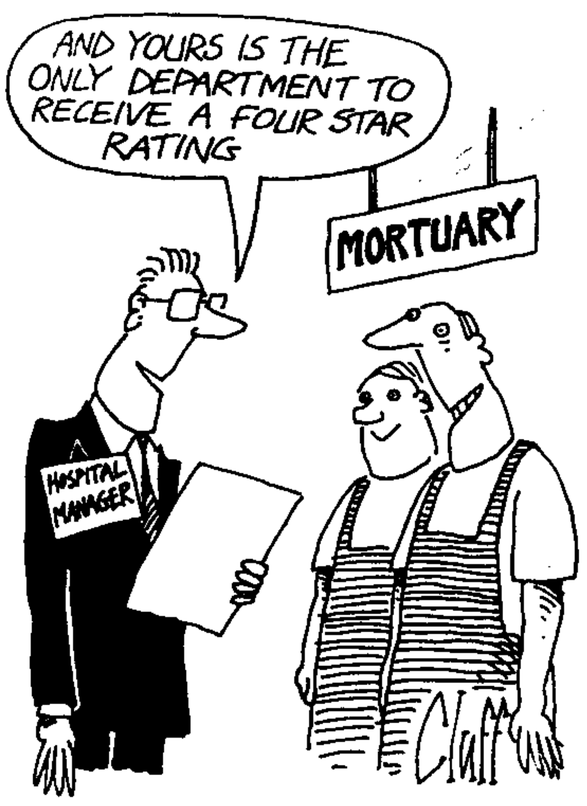
● **WEST CUMBRIA** Health Care has placed an ad in the classified section of the local *News and Star*: "The casualty department at Workington infirmary will be closed between 4th and 29th July due to difficulties in recruiting medical staff. Anyone requiring URGENT attention should attend the A&E department at West Cumberland hospital or visit their GP."

● MANAGERS at **Coventry**'s mental health unit have decided to ditch part of a new £27 million HISS computer system because it's "completely inappropriate for mental health services". In order to pay for a new computer, some staff have been dispensed with, including Dr Marcia Davis, a consultant clinical psychologist for 17 years. As Dr Davis put it: "The clinical psychology service for Coventry is wholly inadequate." The cost of making NHS staff redundant in the Midlands has risen from £1 million in 1990 to £7 million this year.

● **AVON**'s Weston NHS Trust has built an administration block next to the doctors' mess and managers have banned doctors from using the car park. A verbal exception was made for an on-call anaesthetist carrying a cardiac arrest bleep... although his car was still clamped without warning.

● THE NHS Executive has set aside £250,000 to entice reluctant GPs in **London** to become fundholders. A study of GPs in the former Northwest Thames region has found that fundholding practices are already getting twice as much to spend on patients as non-fundholding practices.

M.D.



BANKERS

THE National Westminster Bank (motto: "We're here to make life easier") has been running a touching series of ads in the national press stressing Natwest's paternal, caring attitude towards its customers. Below a picture of a small child nervously holding mummy's hand at the edge of a swimming pool the copy patronisingly coos: "You need someone big when you're someone small."

Readers of the *Daily Mail* on 4 July who may have seen this ad on page 13 may also have been interested by a news story on page 5 of the same issue. Seven-year-old Natasha Nyeke, of Hove, had built up a healthy balance of £104 in a Natwest savings account by squirreling away her pocket money and gifts from relatives. When her mother Nancy became £30 overdrawn for just seven days, however, the Action Bank charged her £43 — and removed the money from young Natasha's account.

Although the bank shame-facedly repaid the cash it had filched from Natasha after protests, mother and daughter have now both removed their accounts to a building society with less paternal tendencies.

RAIL NEWS

RAIL privatisation, as predicted ages ago, all depends on how drastically the new boys can avoid the hefty safety costs that previously saddled British Rail.

Railtrack, the infrastructure body under government pressure to make an eventual 8 per cent return, is considering ways to get rid of the time-honoured practice of placing lookout men to guard sections of the track where engineers are working.

Its solution is to ban trains outright from coming within miles of any workmen on the track. Railtrack could then dispense with its lookouts since there would be nothing for them to look out for.

This brilliant plan would require miles and miles of line to be taken out of use so that just a few yards could be repaired — thereby disrupting passengers' journeys, especially on Sundays, even more than now. This could only be contemplated by a body which is unaccountable to fare-paying passengers. It would cause headaches for the train operators, but Railtrack's only concern is to maintain the tracks and stations as cheaply as possible so it can be privatised.

POLICE FIVE

WEST Midlands Police have shown once again that their new whiter-than-white image is only skin deep — by sacking a rookie officer who reported colleagues for allegedly beating up suspects.

Probationary Pc James Carroll said he saw officers beat up a handcuffed prisoner, Lee Watkins, at Wednesfield police station, and alleged another officer punched a boy of 16 — who was later charged with assaulting police.

West Midlands evidently felt they could get away with sacking Carroll — days after he had made a complaint about the alleged beatings to senior officers — because he was still a probationer. But he won a High Court ruling that his dismissal was unfair and now plans further legal action in pursuit of damages.

Despite losing the court case, West Midlands are still refusing to compensate Carroll — and have vowed to fight any further action. Meanwhile this honest but perhaps naive ex-copper is laying cables for a living.

WATER NEWS

NO SOONER had Yorkshire Water announced record profits of £143.5 million than its popular bosses rewarded the workforce by announcing 400 redundancies.

The privatised company is believed to be intending to cut its 4,500 workforce by more than half within five years. That may be popular with (most) shareholders, whose dividends have increased by 7.3 percent. But it is unlikely to endear the company to customers forced to drink discoloured water, nor to river users who are surrounded by floating turds and are constantly told Yorkshire Water doesn't have the money or resources to clean up its act quickly.

Will Yorkshire's toothless Ofwat watchdog tell the company cleansing itself of half its workforce does not count as cleaning up its act? Don't bet on it.

Letters

Uninteresting

Sir,

Re: Issue 848; Tim Rathbone

Your piece on page 3 of the above issue infers a conflict of interest for Tim Rathbone in his dealings with Eurotunnel and Newhaven as its MP. Your story is of course factually correct, but mischievous in its lack of full detail.

The ferry operators are on record as praising Tim's contribution in keeping the ferry link between Dieppe and Newhaven, and also in seeing no incompatibility with his two roles. Indeed, they have objected strongly to their name being used in Liberal Democrat smears on the same subject.

If you think about it, any knowledge that Tim Rathbone has about Eurotunnel can only enhance his ability to help Newhaven fight such competition as the Tunnel offers. The alternative is that ignorance is bliss, and that after all makes for a more readable piece for your readers, does it not? By all means, knock corrupt politicians, but leave the decent ones alone.

Yours faithfully,
PETER PARFITT KING,
Peacehaven.

The Grenadines guardian

Sir,

We have been requested by the Commissioner for Maritime Affairs of the Government of St. Vincent and the Grenadines to respond to the numerous inaccuracies contained in the letter from "your own correspondent" in the May issue.

1. The St. Vincent & Grenadines does not provide a "flag of convenience" but an open registry.

2. The ultimate responsibility for the SVG Registry is that of the Government. That the administrative functions of the Register are carried on by agencies in Monaco and Geneva is nothing unusual.

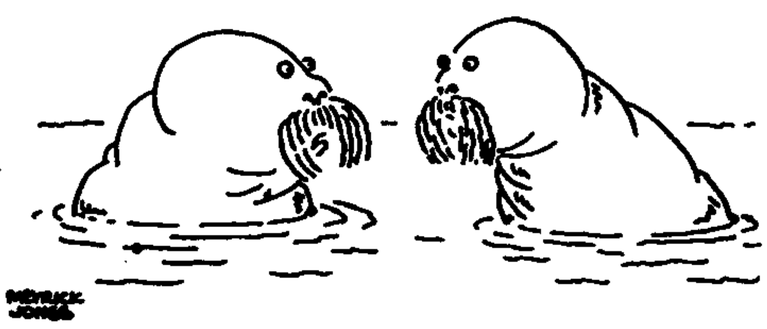
3. There is little, ultimately, that any ship registry can do, whether it is a free-flag or national registry, to prevent the determined use of a vessel for nefarious purposes. The passage in 1988 by SVG of its Prevention of Drug Misuse Act and in 1993 Drug Trafficking Offences Act demonstrate its determination to crack down on the growth of the drug industry. Following the boarding by the US coastguard of the Lucky Star the SVG government gave its full co-operation resulting in the successful conviction subsequently in Hawaii of all personnel on board, including one US citizen for violation of the US Maritime Drug Law Enforcement Act.

4. Finally: Mr Dabinovic is not a Serb; before becoming a Vincentian citizen, he was a Swiss citizen, his father having been born in Trieste.

He has never owned a Serbian oil company "associated with sanctions busting". He does have an interest in a US oil company which was running an international bunkering station in the Adriatic from 1987 to 1992. When the UN sanctions came into force the station was closed and has not reopened since.

SVG is not "One of Her Maj's lesser known dominions" but, since 1979, an independent country.

Yours faithfully,
HOLMAN, FENWICK & WILLAN,
London, EC3.



"I shaved mine off once, but it made me look like Clive James."

No extra terrestrials

Sir,

Dr Minion (Eye 848) is entitled to his opinions about the four Sky One programmes he names, but his calculations are wrong: my 1000 hours excludes all of them. What Sky is commissioning is mini-series, drama, comedy, documentaries, current affairs, game shows, entertainment and factual series. Including The Movie Show, D J Kat, UK Top 40 and Blockbusters — which cost Sky £3 million a year to produce — brings the hours total to 1,300, made up of over 30 different titles. Because of our ability to help create English-language drama co-production, such as this month's mini-series, Fall From Grace, the production cost of these hours exceeds £100 million.

One final point in respect of the "filled with ancient repeats" jibe: over the next 12 months, the Sky One peak-time schedule will be 90 per cent first-run, comparable to any terrestrial channel.

Yours faithfully,
DAVID ELSTEIN,
Head of Programming, British Sky Broadcasting Ltd.

Lookalike

Manilow

Winterson

Sir

I wonder whether other readers have noticed the startling resemblance between the popular singer Barry Manilow and cult writer Jeanette Winterson. Could they, perhaps, be one and the same person?

Yours faithfully,
CHARLES LEE.
Haywards Heath.

Bird call

Sir,

Ref. the Sun Alliance treatment accorded to the helpless Mrs Nora Bird as outlined in Sally Deedes' column of 1 July.

This same company, touting for business, sends us forests of pre-paid business reply leaflets. What better way could there be to pressure Sun Alliance than return as many as you can filled in with "Justice for Nora Bird".

It might persuade the company to become more user friendly!

Yours truly,
ARTHUR EVANS,
Aylesbury, Bucks.

Screen One screen all

Sir,

Whatever you think is the general state of ITV and the BBC, contrary to Square Eyes views (Eye 848) both Jack Rosenthal and BBC Single Drama are going strong. This year the BBC is broadcasting more than 40 single dramas and Jack Rosenthal's Wide Eyed And Legless, a BBC1 film shown last September, went on to be nominated as a BAFTA Best Single Drama and is about to be released in the cinema in the US.

Yours faithfully,
MARGARET MATHESON,
Executive Producer, Screen One.

Paying the pipers

Sir,

I would be grateful if you would allow me to correct two major misconceptions in your "Lunchtime O'Boulez" piece about the London orchestras public funding:—

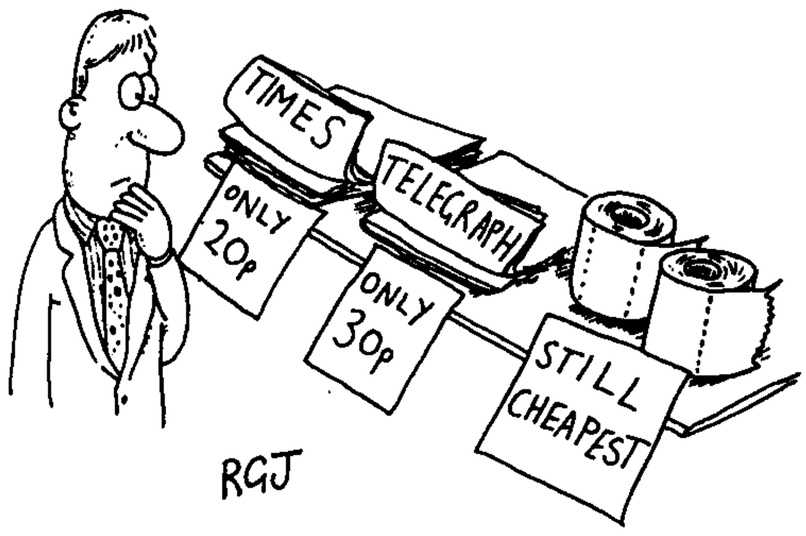
1. The LSO, along with the majority of publicly funded symphony orchestras in the UK, is funded by a partnership between the Arts Council and local government. The LSO's Barbican Residency is based on the partnership between the Arts Council and the Corporation of London.

2. The LSO is funded similarly to many major orchestras in the UK. For example, the combined local government and Arts Council funding of the LSO is almost exactly the same as that of the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra.

In London terms, you correctly state that the LSO receives £2.25 million in public funding to the LPO's £1.1 million (£700,000, plus £400,000 for its South Bank residency) and £700,000 to the Philharmonia. Public subsidy for a London orchestra exists primarily to fund London concerts, and the LSO is contracted by its residency to promote 85 concerts per annum at the Barbican Centre, a very similar number to the LPO and Philharmonia combined. The Barbican also has a lower potential box office revenue — 1,955 seats compared with approximately 2,800 at the Royal Festival Hall.

Approximately two years ago, at the request of the LPO, the Arts Council Finance Department undertook a detailed comparison of the LSO's Barbican and the LPO's South Bank Centre funding, and concluded that the value of each orchestra's total public funding in relation to its contractual obligations was broadly equivalent. The other London orchestras, with no residency agreements, have no contractual obligations at all in terms of numbers of concerts and are thus in a position to choose the number of London concerts they consider their public funding will support.

Yours faithfully,
CLIVE GILLINSON,
Managing Director, London Symphony Orchestra.



Grave error

Sir,

Re: Victor Lewis-Smith's "Funny Old World".

Good job you no longer call this column "True Stories" as there was barely an ounce of truth in the piece John Matossian had sent you from the "Cyprus Mail" about the funeral of Ronald Baines.

I was the only reporter present at the funeral and attended only as a family friend.

Yes, the grave was too small and the coffin did not fit into it, but Ronald's body did not fall out of the coffin, the gravedigger never uttered a word and no ashes flew to the four winds.

Yes, the gravedigger jumped on the coffin to try and get it down, the lid began to slip off, and yes he had to hack the grave bigger with his pick-axe.

Ronald's grandson Mikey Smith's only comment on the funeral was that his grandfather would have laughed had he seen what went on because that was the sort of bloke he was.

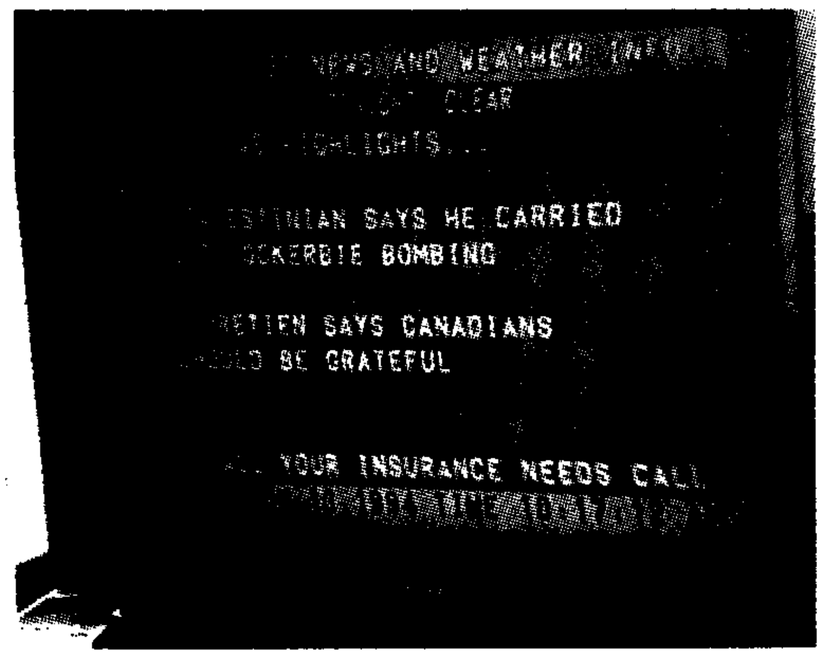
As an avid Eye reader for the past 26 years, I now wonder how many times I've had a laugh at your True Stories and Funny Old World on false pretences.

I thought you could do better than fabricate such rubbish.

But keep on cheering me up!

Yours sincerely,
LEENA JONES,
Paphos, Cyprus.

I-SPY *Toronto*



Submitted by Frank Donovan. £10 paid for similar submissions *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Fan letter

Sir,

A propos "Letter From Pakistan" (Eye 848), your "own correspondent" has really put his feet in it.

There are 18 scheduled (Pakistani) banks in Pakistan with a total of 3,822 branches. How the Askari Bank (which is run by professional bankers as part of the Army Welfare Trust, which manages welfare funds for retired soldiers) constitutes a "monopoly" with its 10 branches only your "own correspondent" can tell us.

As for "monopolies in trucking and road construction", this is more poppycock. The army runs a National Logistics Cell which was set up during the Afghan war to help carry food and other aid from Karachi port to the refugees, and which now operates in competition with a many times larger private sector; and the Frontier Works Organisation bids for, and executes, government's civilian construction jobs in exactly the same way that the US army's Corps of Engineers execute civilian projects in the US. The FWO were the proud builders of the all-weather Karakorum Highway, a landmark in road building. There are at least 10 far bigger Pakistani engineering firms.

Incidentally, Ms Bhutto's sister is Sanam, not Sanna; and there is no weapon in the whole world called the AD-47, deadly or otherwise. The Kalashnikov is also known as the AK-47.

Also your "own" should have no fears. Benazir Bhutto is here to stay, regardless of what the "gup" is in the Marriott's coffee shop. Simply because she is an elected prime minister in the true sense of the word, and was not contrived into position like some others in Pakistan.

And now for an admission of guilt. I have been an admirer of Private Eye, and the brave men and women who put the idea together and made it work, for many years now. I still wish you well, however!

Yours truly,
KAMRAN SHAFI,
Minister (Information)
High Commission for Pakistan, London.

Irate expectations

Sir,

According to your article "Man in the Eye" (issue 849) Bob Horton was put into Railtrack to "humiliate and sack railway workers".

Those of us who have been held hostage and deliberately inconvenienced by these people over the past few weeks are hoping he will soon start to live up to expectations.

MR A. COMMUTER,
"Spanish Practices", Over Manning, Bucks.

Sub human

Sir,

That your organ is considered the third most useful publication to financial hacks ("In the City", Eye 849) may indicate that it really is a useful and reliable financial journal. Or that financial hacks are, like most of your readers, a bunch of overgrown schoolboys with no sense of humour.

Which is why I'm taking out this subscription.

Yours faithfully,
D.J. CROCKER,
Woodley, Reading.

Bosom pal

Sir,

I get really pissed off with your continual sniping at Eve Pollard. Anyone with tits like hers can't be all bad. Any chance of a photo?

Most sincerely,
"Village Lad",
Greenhithe, Kent.

● *Could Mrs. R.A. Harris who contacted the Eye re. her husband's experience during the last war please contact us again?*

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"[Gavin Larsen] is inexperienced in Test Cricket, in that this is his first Test."
GEOFFREY BOYCOTT, BBC2
(Anthony Ferguson)

Contestant: *I like travelling abroad.*
Jim Bowen: *To foreign countries?*
ITV
(Angela Creasey)

"The game was continuous for the whole of the first forty-five minutes"
JACK CHARLTON, BBC1 World Cup
(David Culley)

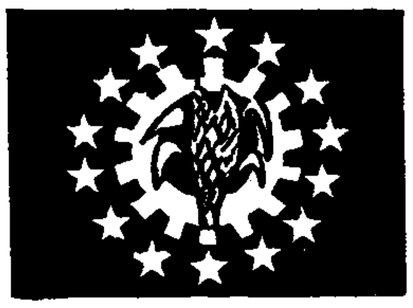
"...and the steam has gone completely out of the Spanish sails..."
DAVID PLEAT, ITV World Cup
(Lloyd Evans)

"Schumacher, virtually pedalling his Benetton back with his fists."
MURRAY WALKER, BBC2
(Mark Painter)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

Letter from Rangoon
(Sorry, Yangon)



from Our Own Correspondent

JULY 20 marks Aung San Suu Kyi's anniversary; sadly not the anniversary of her birth or marriage, but of her detention five years ago. Such is the price for being the focus of Burma's democratic movement.

In 1989, our junta, the State Law and Order Restoration Council (SLORC) announced their intention to hold national democratic elections. Aung San Suu Kyi, daughter of U Aung San, our national hero who was assassinated in 1947, embarked on the campaign trail. She just managed to get away with talking about things like democracy, human rights and dialogue — but when she criticised Ne Win, Burma's "former" military leader and current puppet master, she was placed under house arrest. This did not prevent her National League for Democracy romping home to a landslide victory, capturing 80 per cent of all contested seats, in May 1990.

SLORC were quick to react. They arrested many newly-elected MPs and caused many others to flee abroad. SLORC decided that the country would not be ready for a democratically elected government until they had put together a new constitution. This would ensure a leading role for the military in any future government and would deny a political role to anyone who "bears allegiance, or whose family bears allegiance, to a foreign power". Purely coincidentally, Aung San Suu Kyi has a British husband; her sons have had their Burmese passports revoked.

Under Burmese law Suu Kyi could be detained for up to three years. This was later revised so that she could be detained for up to five years, without charge or trial. So she will be released on 20 July, then? Ah, but the first year of her incarceration was an "arrest period" and does not count, so we have another year to wait before the government has to come up with another excuse as to why she cannot go free.

Actually this is not quite true. She can walk at any time — as long as she walks right out of the country and gives up politics. But, as Suu Kyi has said herself: "Once you start a movement like this, you don't stop halfway and say 'That's it, I've had enough'. You stay there until it reaches a logical conclusion."

The conclusion she has in mind is a solution to our huge social and economic problems achieved through proper dialogue and compromise between the democratic opposition groups and SLORC. She said this before her arrest and no doubt has done so many times during her arrest; on one exceptional occasion she said it to a US Congressman who was surprisingly allowed to see her, but other than that the only people she has been permitted to see have been a maid, a military intelligence officer, and her husband and sons on a few occasions.

Of course, Suu Kyi is only one of many who have suffered in Burma (sorry, Myanmar) under our military regime. Thousands have died for the democratic cause, thousands have been imprisoned and tortured and thousands more have continued the struggle in the malaria-infested forests on the Thai border.

But this is no longer as "easy" as it was. The students and other refugees used to be able to get at least some food, medicine and other supplies through Thailand, and Bangkok provided a base for the offices of some of the opposition groups. But now Thailand is wooing SLORC and is shutting off the supply routes (apart from their own illegal timber imports) and closing down the offices of the opposition groups. They have even gone so far as to invite "Myanmar" along as their guest to this month's meeting of the Association of South East Asian Nations (ASEAN) in Bangkok. This is probably a prelude to lobbying for the regime's full membership of ASEAN — giving a respectable international platform to our murdering and torturing government. Of course, Burma wouldn't be the only member state of ASEAN with this reputation.

So 20 July will be business as usual in Burma; the rape of our environment, the oppression of our people and the incarceration of Aung San Suu Kyi will carry on. Just like any other day.

FUNNY OLD WORLD

Compiled by Victor Lewis-Smith

● "As soon as I heard about the suicide note, I became suspicious," Phaew Chantawong told the coroner's court in Nakhon Si Thammarat. "When a man is about to kill himself, his last thoughts are seldom about his underwear."

Chantawong was giving evidence at the inquest into the death of his son, Somchai, a singer and model found hanging in a back room at *The Tradesman's Entrance*, a gay bar in the town's red-light district: "His body was returned to us by his lover, Nui. Nui told me he'd found a suicide note in which Somchai begged specifically that on no account should his underwear be touched. It was his last wish and must be respected, Nui said. When I asked to see the note, he became agitated and said he'd lost it but, as the body was neatly dressed, all seemed in order.

"I complied with my son's last wishes about his underwear until the day of his cremation, when I became suspicious and decided to check. Sure enough, when I removed the underpants from my son's body, I found that his winkle had been hacked off. The judge told me to use the word penis, but he was my son and I have always referred to it as winkle. I am now certain that the suicide note never existed, and that Nui cut off my son's winkle because Somchai was going to leave him, and live with a female impersonator instead. Apparently, Nui has murdered his lovers before, and has a collection of their severed winkles, which he keeps in a cigar box. He is scum." *(The Nation [Thailand], 13/4/94. Spotter — George Kershaw)*

—●—

● "We've offered to change the 'Mc' to 'Mac' but you can't argue with these people," solicitor Jim Unkles told reporters outside the federal court in Melbourne. "They just keep telling us to get our tits out, and they won't listen to reason."

Unkles was acting on behalf of 'McTits', a takeaway shop that had opened in January amid protests by women's groups. "It's a ridiculous action for the McDonalds Corporation to bring," he

said, "There's no possible confusion. My client is part Scottish, and his female staff wear nothing except see-through aprons when they serve customers. Hence the name, McTits. Simple. McDonalds say McTits is trading off their success, but that's ridiculous. The word 'Tits' looks nothing like 'Donalds', and you could hardly confuse the two places. I mean, the only buns you'll see in McDonalds are the ones with sesame seeds on top.

"My client and his staff stand firm on their right to trade under their own name, but, honestly, our girls would do anything to resolve the problem. They'd bend over backwards to help. If you get my drift." *(Bangkok Post, 22/4/94. Spotter — Simon Wilson)*

—●—

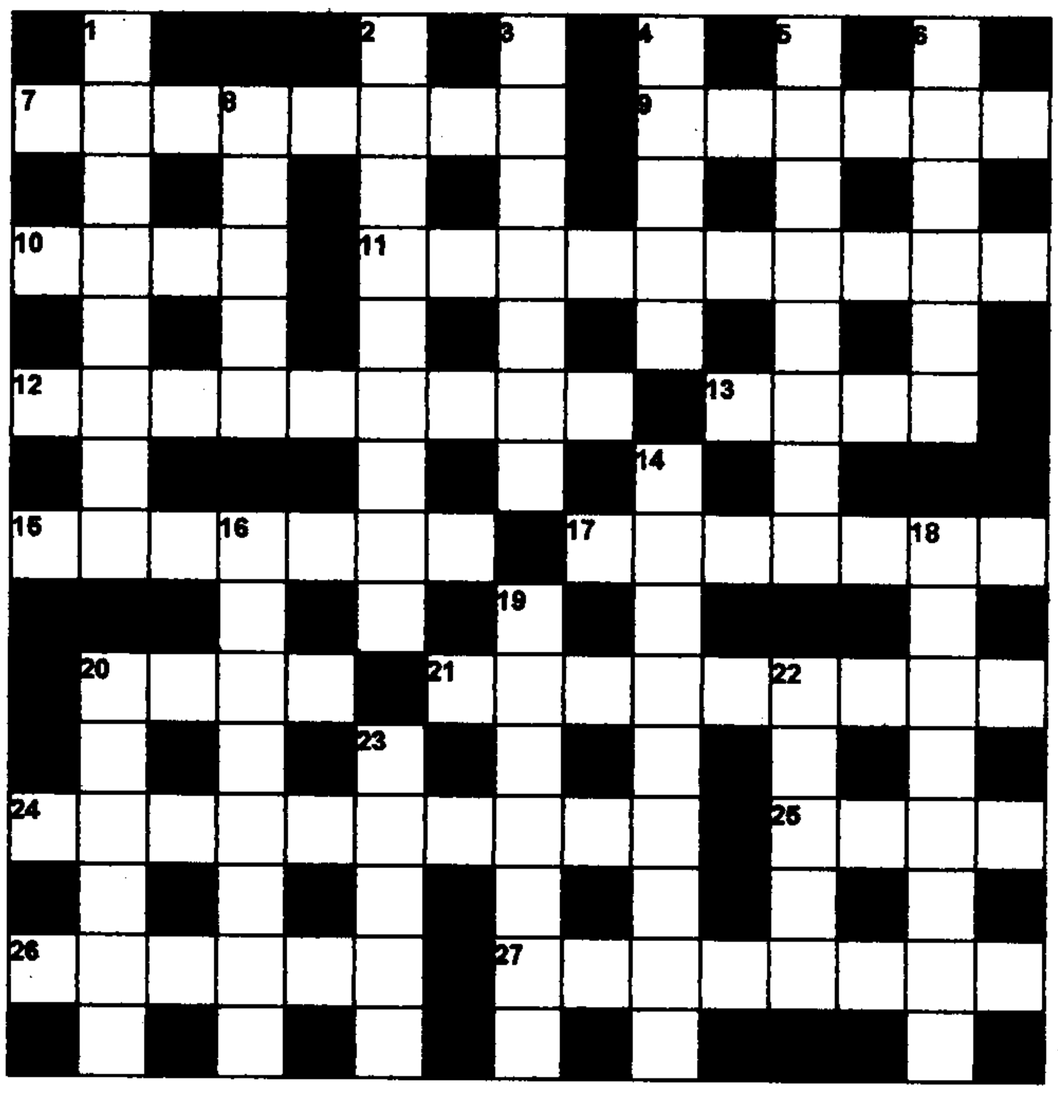
● *"This is an outrage," screamed Pathumrat Piaklin outside the Appeal Court in Chiang Mai, as a convicted murderer walked free. "Dwarf or giant, we are all equal in stature under the law."*

Piaklin was leading a delegation of midgets protesting against the freeing of Richard David Walker, an Australian convicted of killing Hong Katonk Chamnong, a dwarf. "Hong and I were bouncers at the Sunshine nightclub. On the night of Hong's death, Walker was drunk and abusive, so we decided to throw him out. Usually, people think being bounced by midgets is funny and they go quietly, but Walker began arguing, said he'd been overcharged for drinks, and kneed Hong in the face. We got angry, and each grabbed one of Walker's legs and clung on, trying to drag him out of the club. But Walker shook me free, and then trod on Hong several times, crushing him with his foot. It was dreadful."

Giving the appeal court ruling, Judge Amnawong said: "Chamnong was less than 90cm tall, and persons of such restricted growth are easily killed by accident. It happens all the time. Walker has apologised, said he didn't mean to kill anyone, and paid 200,000 baht to Chamnong's family. He could hardly have been more considerate. Conviction overturned, Case dismissed." (Southern Cross [Australia], 11/5/94. Spotter — Anon.)

EYE CROSSWORD 6 by Cyclops

£100 Winner JOHN TURNBULL



ACROSS

7/9 Going from bed to bed? Here's our regular health check (5,3,6)
9 (see 7)
10 Has no goolies, but neck's in place (4)
11 Gear (spicy) Eva started getting into — a Hitler creation (5,5)
12 Cheap rag makes cleaner energy source (5,4)
13 Could be hard-boiled minister's undoing (4)
15 Criminal giving invertedly snobbish girl one in bad surroundings (7)
17 Seller of crap re-cycled art to nerds mainly (7)
20 Randy type nazi leader gets his end away (4)
21 Bevan, alas, pissed about with Plymouth (5,4)
24 Building material flop — not good for airport runways (6,4)
25 Hurd's lot, it can be seen by anyone, long for offensive (4)
26 He's on the way out, Rod Stewart, very shortly — dole unlikely at first (6)
27 Practice indulged in by Fitzgerald having it off in the ministry? (8)

DOWN

1 Not central government's place giving grant to hospital in high-rise surroundings (4,4)
2 Mandela? Winnie? *Express* would have second person (9)
3 Courses in which corrupt CID gets physical (7)
4 TV boss who braces himself for rating? (5)
5 Sadam's big one, erect (next to ruler, note) seen in tabloid (8)
6 Di set pissed about Charlie's first royal commands (6)
8 Jaded columnist needs fashionable pin up (5)
14 Holy order formed by father, a tosser around fifty (5,4)
16 Choice: unpopular with Tories at present! (8)
18 Mystic well in with royalty puts Iran in the shit (8)
19 Screws around (not very well) in periods of unemployment (7)
20 Edward, Brenda's pet, almost gets up Brenda (6)
22 Ceremony where luvvies celebrate one-time simply marvellous turn (5)
23 Rubbished by *Sport* he puts his foot down (5)

£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 20.7.94. Send entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG

Solution to Crossword 5

ACROSS: 7 Waco 8 Knighthood 9 Big Ben 10 Literati 11 Colemanballs 13 Newsman 15 Own Goal 17 Madam Speaker 21 The Lords 22 Bikini 23 Gerry Adams 24 Cats

DOWN: 1 David Owen 2 Cobblers 3 Lib-Lab 4 Whitelaw 5 Whores 6 Loots 8 Kenya 12 Paternity 14 Alderman 16 Goal Kick 17 Molars 18 Mossad 19 Pubes 20 Shred

The Secret DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47¾

Monday

Everyone is still going on about my great victory in Cairo, when Mr Hurd told me to veto that fat Belgian, Mr Dehaene. There is now no more talk about how I will have to resign. Not that there was before, but now there is even less. In 50 years' time I have no doubt that schoolchildren will be told about my "D-Day" (Dehaene Day) — ie, the day when I single-handedly took on the might of Germany, under their leader Adolf Kohl, and finally forced them into unconditional surrender!

Tuesday

I do not wish to go on about my historic triumph in Cairo, but when I entered the House of Commons this afternoon, all our people stood up as one and clapped and cheered wildly for several minutes, except Mr Heath. It would be immodest for me to take all the credit for my great achievement, because there were other people involved in the decision, although in the end it was entirely my own.

Wednesday

I don't want to keep mentioning my stupendous triumph in Corfu, but it does seem to have impressed everyone, even the Cabinet. At our meeting today, Mrs Bottomley proposed that they should all sing "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow" and then handed me a note saying "Can I have a new job please?" While Mr Heseltine was telling everyone about his plans to change the red post boxes to facilitate important business mail while phasing out old-fashioned letters, I passed a "hand-delivered" note of my own back to Mrs Bottomley. "You will have to wait till my reshuffle", I told her, "and it would be improper for me at this stage to disclose my intentions with regard to any particular individual, ie yourself. Signed in his presence by John Major (Prime Minister)."

Thursday

I am glad to say that the thought of my great reshuffle is keeping the Cabinet very much on their toes, oh yes. Let there be no doubt as to who is in charge here, particularly after my historic triumph in Corfu which I do not go on about. This morning several ministers came to see me, obviously hoping that they will not be sacked. Mr Clarke was the first to arrive, saying "I have a brilliant idea for winning the next election, prime minister. We reduce income tax to 5p in the pound before the election is announced and we will win by a landslide." I had to point out to him, as an ex-Chancellor, that there was a not inconsiderable snag to his plan. "That would mean that the Government would very soon run out of money", I said in my financially prudent voice. "Aha," said Mr Clarke, excitedly flicking ash from his cigar all over my biros and my special "Reshuffle Notebook" from Ryman's, "We will then get all the money back by whacking VAT up to 50 percent as soon as we have won the election." Clearly, Mr Clarke must be a front runner for promotion in my reshuffle!

Another who is clearly due for promotion is Mr MacGregor who came in with another idea for winning the next election. He suggests that we should put up thousands of posters all over the

country showing a picture of Mr Knapp and a lot of trains standing idle, and written underneath: "This is What Britain Would Look Like If There Was A Labour Government."

Friday

I was up all night until half-past nine working on my reshuffle. The way I did it was to put everyone's names on special white cards from Ryman's, and then to match them up with the jobs which I had written on blue cards (also from Ryman's). Eventually, I got everyone matched up, and I was able to draw up my final list which will convince the country that we mean business and that I am now leading a new, dynamic team into the next election. Firstly, I am to remain as prime minister. Of that there is no doubt! Next, Mr Hurd has very kindly said he will stay on as Foreign Secretary, which is a great relief! Mr Clarke goes to the Treasury, with his brilliant new plan of cutting income tax. Mr MacGregor is the obvious man for Transport. Mr Howard is rewarded with the Home Office. Mr Rifkind will move to Defence, Mrs Bottomly will make a superb Health Secretary and the others will all keep their jobs. The only post I still have not managed to think of anyone for is that of Party Chairman when Sir Norma Fowler finally goes off to spend less time with me. In the past few days I have received thousands of faxes from loyal party workers, all unanimously putting forward the name of my friend Jeffrey Archer. I noticed that although they were all signed by different people, they all came from the same number: Granchester 211211 (Jeffax).

Saturday

Today, after reading the faxes, I have decided that there is only one man for the Chairman's job — my friend Jeffrey Archer. Why did I not think of him before?

I was about to ring him when my wife Norman showed me the morning's newspapers.

They said that Mr Archer had been accused of something called "Insider Dealing" which is to do with shares. So now, apparently, he will never be chairman of the party. Oh dear. Just when I was going to appoint him. I will obviously have to find someone else.

My Press Officer, Mr Meyer, tells me I will have to get someone "squeaky clean" this time. Here is my shortlist of possible names:

Cecil Parkinson
Michael Mates
David Mellor
Alan Clark
Norman Lamont
Tim Yeo
Asil Nadir (Mr Mates's friend).

I shall not make up my mind immediately, but I have plenty of time to think about it because I am off on a short holiday to Italy to a place called "G7".

Sunday

G7 is a very nice place not unlike Naples with a big bay and a big mountain with smoke coming out of the top. It is so nice that all the other Heads of State like Mr Clinton and Mr Kohl are here on holiday as well.

We all decided to have a meeting while we were here at which Mr Kohl took me to one side and began to twist my arm behind a pillar. "Stop it. It hurts", I said in my new get-tough statesmanlike voice. Ten minutes later he did. This was after I said I would agree to any fat Belgians he wanted to make President of the EEC.

Later, our evening meal of pizza and spaghetti was rather ruined when Mr Clinton announced "Gentlemen, Kim Il Sung is dead."

"Congratulations, you got him at last!" said Mr Yeltsin who was on his fourth bottle of a drink called chianti which looks like Ribena and comes in a funny bottle shaped like the lampstands we have by our beds.

Mr Clinton laughed and I joined in though I did not know what the joke was. Or who Mr Kim Il Sung was.

Monday

This morning we had another meeting, this time about Bosnia. Mr Clinton tells us we have decided to arm the Muslims in order to make the war more fair. "Surely," I whispered to Mr Hurd, "we said we would never give arms to the Muslims?"

"We won't give them," said Mr Hurd, "we'll sell them."

"That's all right, then", I said. "We haven't broken any promises."

Then we flew home from G7 airport where I bought a copy of my friend Jeffrey Archer's new book for Norman. Amazingly, it had already been signed "I am innocent. Best wishes, Lord Archer".

Apology To Mr. J. Major

In common with all other newspapers we may in recent months have given the impression that the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. John Major, was in some way a hopeless, dithering, ineffectual wimp who was totally in the thrall of his European colleagues and was drifting aimlessly into total subservience to Brussels. Headlines such as "MAJOR IS USELESS" or "MAJOR IS TOTALLY USELESS" or "NO BUT MAJOR REALLY IS TOTALLY USELESS", may have inadvertently contributed to the misunderstanding that Mr. Major really was totally useless.

However we now realise that following Mr. Major's decision to object to some fat Belgian getting some Euro-job, the Prime Minister is now the most heroic, courageous and decisive leader this country has known since Winston Churchill. We furthermore accept that in standing up to all those ghastly Frogs, Belgies and Huns, Mr. Major has taken on the mantle of Horatio Nelson, the Duke of Wellington and Henry V.

We apologise unreservedly for any confusion our previous articles may have caused, and would like to take this opportunity to ask our readers to vote Conservative.

Yes, It's Here! Le Bore de France!

Your Exclusive Guide to the Gruelling Race that no one's interested in.

Places not to see it

Stage One: Don't go to Hampshire to see it live. Stay at home instead.

Stage Two: Don't watch it on the television. Go into the garden to miss it completely.

Stage Three: Don't take the newspaper into the garden. It's bound to have large pictures of ludicrous men on bicycles in it.

Stage Four: Do not read this guide.

Oui! Le Bore de France! There's no sporting event quite like it except the Wimbledon Men's Final, the Grand Prix, England vs New Zealand, Athletics from Stuttgart, zzzzz!!

From GNOMEWOOD Potteries

The Royal Commemorative Adultery Confession Souvenir Mug Limited Edition*

To commemorate the historic admission of infidelity by His Royal Highness Charles, Prince of Wales, to Mr. Jonathan Dimbleby on 29 June 1994, Gnomewood Potteries are proud and privileged to offer to you, the reader, this specially commissioned double-portrait of the happy couple by world-famous mug-portraitist Sir Brian Sewell F.R.M.S.

Not only is this a unique work of art, it is a treasured investment which in years to come will be worth nothing at all. Every family who watched the famous interview will want this historic souvenir of one of the most moving moments in televisual history.

Fashioned in the Gnomewood Potteries from porcelain-style polytoynbee, each mug is signed by Dame Valerie Grove, who was the first woman to publish an in-depth interview with Mr. Dimbleby about his interview with HRH the Prince of Wales.

** 3 million.*

Priority Reservation Form

Send your credit card now to Gnomewood Potteries, Flat C, 288 Frostrup Avenue, Neasden NW11, enclosing pin number.

Please allow 28 days for us to leave the country.

HOUSE OF COMMONS
OFFICIAL REPORT

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES

HANSINTILL

(surely Hansard, Ed?)

Prime Minister's Question Time, 2.15pm.

Sir Bufton-Tufton *(Lymeswold, Con)*: Does the Prime Minister have any plans to visit the extremely successful ACME Ball Bearing Company in Solihull, "Ball Bearings Я Us — ACME's the name you can trust", in the future? And let me further ask the Prime Minister whether if he did so he would like to meet the very generous managing director Mr Sleazewold who is coincidentally currently bidding for a number of Ministry of Defence contracts?

The Prime Minister: I have no such plans at present.

Sir Bufton-Tufton: *(Into portable phone hidden behind order paper)* I've done my bit, Sleazewold, when do I get the cheque!?!

Mrs Boothroyd: Order! Order!

Mr Terrific-Crookit *(Lyzard, Con)*: Would the Prime Minister agree that Lilt has a tropical taste, that Opal Fruits make your mouth water, and further that you cannot get quicker than a Kwik-Fit fitter?

Prime Minister: I hear what the Right Honourable gentleman says, but if Mr Blair thinks I'm obsessed by him and that I lay awake at night thinking I'm going to lose my job to him then, well, he's sadly mistaken...

(Tories stamp feet and wave their thousand pounds cheques. Businessmen in the Gallery cheer and sing "Roll out the Barrel".)

THOSE KIMS IN FULL

A Private Eye cut out 'n' keep guide to those Kims who decide the world's future.

Kim Il Sung
Dead leader of N. Korea. The last Stalinist.

Kim Il Philby
Dead Stalinist spy and friend of the late Graham Greene.

Kim Basinger
Famous film-Stalinist, idolised by millions. Friend of the late Jack Nicholson.

Kim Kong
Huge 50ft Stalinist gorilla who tried to conquer the world.

Kim Il Fixit
Mysterious BBC programme hosted by Stalinist disc jockey Kim Il Saville. Idolised by millions, and friend of Prince Charles.

Kim Dancing
(That's enough Kim's, Ed.)

MOONTY PYTHON

25 Years Ago

by our science correspondent
Lunchtime O'Buzz Aldrin

IT IS now 25 years since mankind made a huge leap into the unknown. History stood still and we mortals could never again claim that we were merely earthbound creatures. For, on the 7th July 1969 the first episode of Moonty Python was launched.

They said it could not be done, but on that glorious day 7 young men risked everything to take us on a great adventure where no man had gone before, pushing back the frontiers of comedy with dead parrots, skating vicars, flying sheep and jokes about Wittgensten playing football.

The Moon is Made of Cleese

But the price for this historic voyage has been paid in terms of humour suffering *(surely "human suffering"? Ed)* by the men who took part.

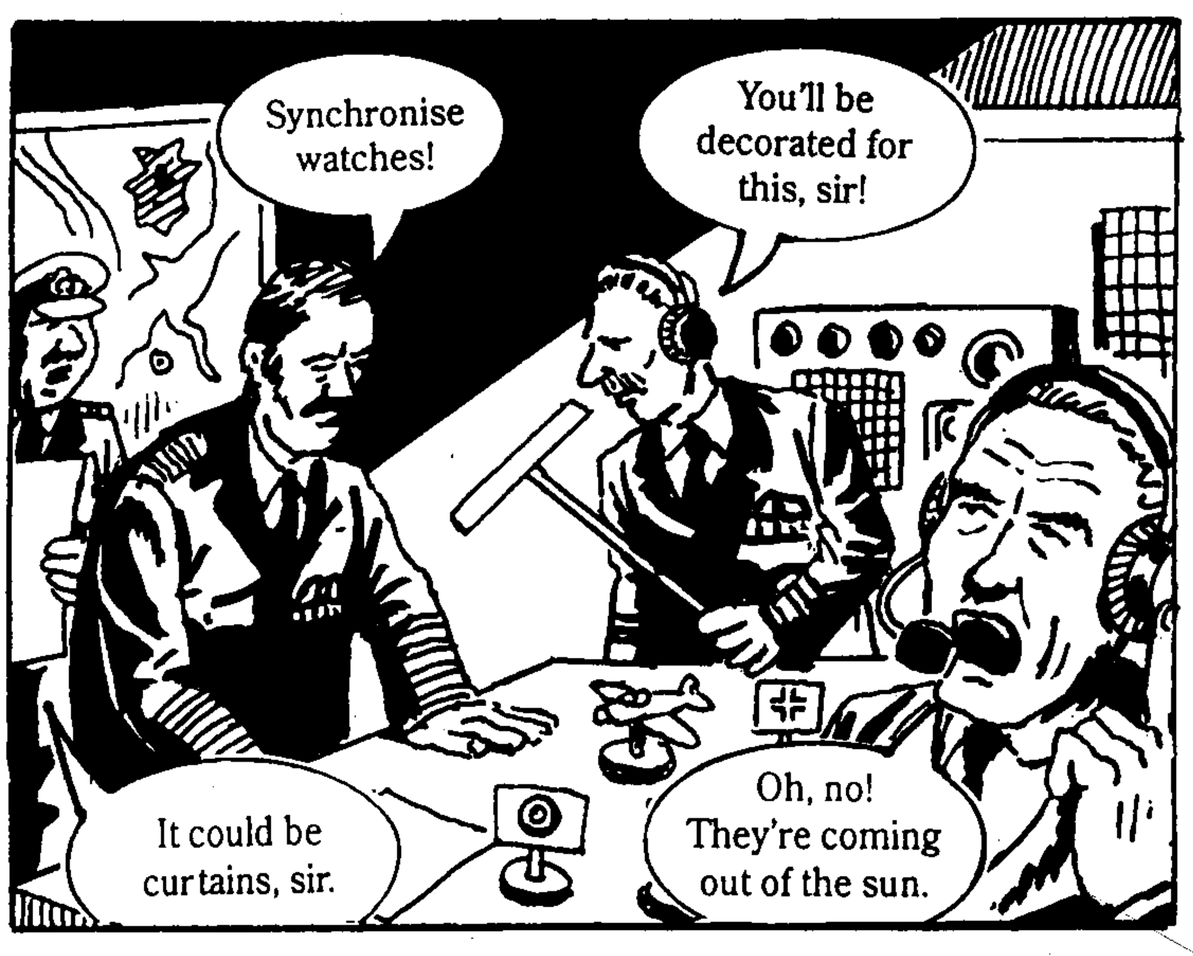
Most of them have reached middle-age without coming to terms with their early achievement. Some have sought psychiatric help, some have turned to politics, others have merely gone on telling the story of Moonty Python to anyone who would listen (John Lloyd).

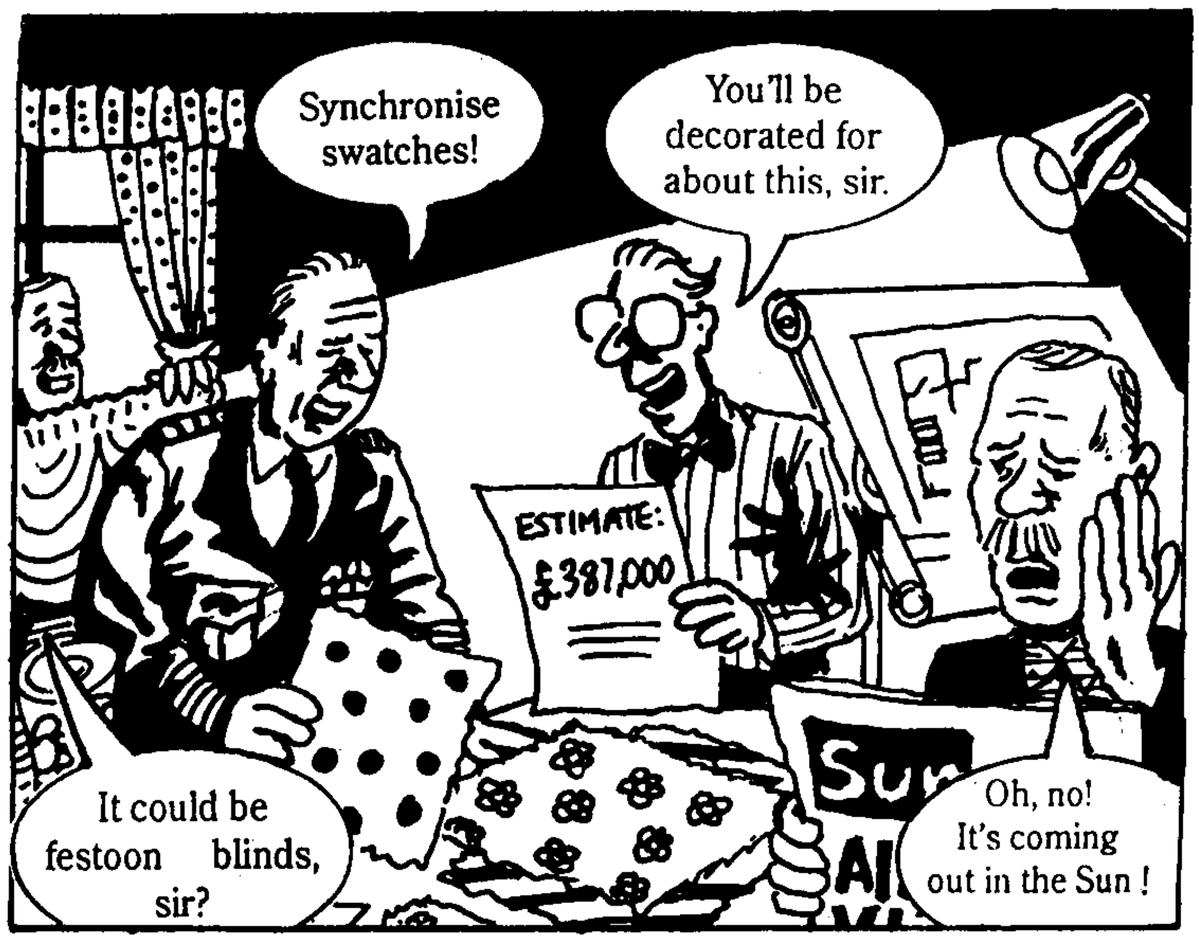
All cut rather sad figures now, but we remember them as they were — pioneers who charted the unknown and touched the face of God.

As Commander John Cleese put it at the time, "It was one silly walk for man, but a giant sum of money for myself."

(John Cleese appears courtesy of the Accountancy-to-Training-Film Business CleeseVid PLC.)

Then & Now: The Role of an Air Vice Marshall.




Synchronise swatches!
You'll be decorated for about this, sir.
ESTIMATE: £387,000
It could be festoon blinds, sir?
Oh, no! It's coming out in the Sun!

POLL SHOCK AFTER ROYAL INTERVIEW

by Our Media Staff
Lady Volga Boatman

89% of the British public now think that Jonathan Dimbleby is not fitted to make any more royal documentaries.

A further 75% think it would be "in the national interest" if he never appeared on television again.

23% said that "he should get a proper job" instead of just wandering around the country talking to people and pretending to be interested by their replies.

These were the amazing findings of a poll commissioned by the Daily Hullograph in the hope of finding something to fill up the front page.

Call Nick Ross

In recent weeks Jonathan Dimbleby has suffered a dramatic decline in his popularity since the heady days when his fairy-tale marriage to Bel Mooney put him on the front page of the Lower Swanswick Messenger.

But a continual stream of snide media comment on his "loony green views" and his wife's desire to be alone in a new age yurt with 400 anti-motorway protestors, has sent Dimbleby's popularity spiralling downwards.

The last straw has been his willingness to speak openly on television about Prince Charles' alleged "watercolours".

This was too much for the public, who finally gave him a mass thumbs-down to the job of commentating on the next Coronation.

Great Bores of Today.

"...You can't be too careful I usually start off with a really high factor something like 35 or 36 and I would recommend the Swiss ones because they have the self-screening and pH ingredients built-in then I gradually like to work down to the twenties but I still use a total block on nose, forehead, knees and all the sensitive areas by about day five I'm usually into the low tens and then I change to a Swedish brand which has the Brolin F97 pro-active system although and although it's expensive it's well worth the £38 for the small tube you can't get it over here but I've got a friend in Sydney who sends it over she spends a lot of time on the beach and they understand the problem there properly if you read the statistics it's harrowing the number of people who get you know and if you're going to go in the water you'd probably need a waterproof screen as well which should be topped up with a moisturiser the Swiss do one that gives no blotching I think you'd better come out of the sun, Simon, three minutes is quite enough..."

Celeb

LIGGER

THESE DAYS BEFORE ANY JOURNALIST INTERVIEWS ME I ALWAYS INSIST ON HAVING A LIST OF THEIR QUESTIONS TO CHECK.
SOME MEMBERS OF THE PRESS SAY IT'S UNREASONABLE PRIMA-DONNA BEHAVIOUR BUT AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED IT'S JUST A SENSIBLE PRECAUTION...
I'VE BEEN CAUGHT OUT TOO MANY TIMES IN THE PAST BY THESE BUGGERS. IT CAN TOTALLY THROW YOU...
NOT KNOWING WHAT QUESTIONS THEY'LL ASK YOU?
NAH. NOT KNOWING THE ANSWERS. WHAT'S MY FAVOURITE FOOD AGAIN?
STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING.
RIGHT. THANKS.

Ark of Covenant Found in St Cakes Cricket Pavilion

By Our Salesroom Staff **Linford Christies**

THE HEADMASTER of St Cakes, Mr R.R. Kipling, was said to be overjoyed yesterday at the sale at the record price of £300 million of the Judaic artefact known as the Ark of the Covenant.

Missing for thousands of years the Ark came to light during a refurbishment of the famous public school's cricket pavilion where it had been used for storing pads, boxes and other cricketing impedimenta.

Amazing Box

The Ark was spotted by an old boy, Norrington Rameses-Smith, who is now a director of the auction house, Gnomebys.

"I couldn't believe my eyes", he said. "The boys who frequented the pavilion (known as 'The Pavver') for illicit smoking had even used the Ark as an ashtray."

Speaking from a luxury cruise liner in the Bahamas, the Headmaster, Mr Kipling, told reporters: "This money will not change the character of the school at all. Partly because they won't see any of it."

St Cakes is 107.

10 Telltale Signs That You're Talking To TONY BLUR

1. He is always smiling.
2. He agrees with everything you say.
3. He seems reluctant to answer any of your questions.
4. His likes the popular singing group Guns 'n' Roses
5. But he has nothing against other groups, and they all have something to be said for them.
6. It would be unfair for him to single out any group as his favourite, which is a decision he will take when the time is right.
7. ...blur...
8. ...that's it.
9. ...or perhaps it isn't...
10. ...as that would be too definitive.

GCSE Core Curriculum Statutory Assessment Task 1, Grade 10

EEC/421/DoEduc July 1994

MORAL STUDIES Paper II

Candidates are expected to try at least one question.

1. You are asked to imagine the following real-life scenario:

A set of ovaries has been transplanted from the body of a dead divorcee into the body of a teenage would-be single parent to enable her to exercise her basic consumer right to have a child by artificial insemination.

After the child is born the mother, due to the trauma of the experience, exercises her basic human right to change her mind. The baby is then taken into care by social workers, and fostered out to two lesbians on income support, who enjoy a stable relationship. Unfortunately, owing to the negative social pressures inherent in our current society, the stable relationship of the lesbian foster-parents breaks down.

Candidates are asked to write an assessment paper for the Child Support Agency detailing all the available options as to whom the Agency should pursue to enforce payment for the upkeep of the child.

Should it be (a) the errant husband of the original donor of the ovaries? (b) the inseminee, who is also on income support? (c) the lesbian foster-mother? (d) the lesbian foster-father? (e) the taxpayer. Clue: the answer is (e).

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Tour de Bretagne

From Sir Herbert Gussett

SIR, — I am sure that millions of your readers (if there are any left after your recent price cut!) will have been outraged at the news that thousands of Frenchmen have been allowed to come into this country and ride their bicycles through our quiet country lanes, causing mayhem and preventing countless honest commuters from arriving at the station to find that there are no trains because of the machinations of Mr Knapp and his Trotskyite saboteurs intent on bringing the country to its knees.

But I digress. The other night, a few of us here in the West Country were sitting around discussing ways in which true-born Englishmen, like our delightful new neighbour Mr Patel who has just bought the Old Rectory, might mount a "retaliatory gesture" to put these garlic-chewing French bicyclists firmly in their place.

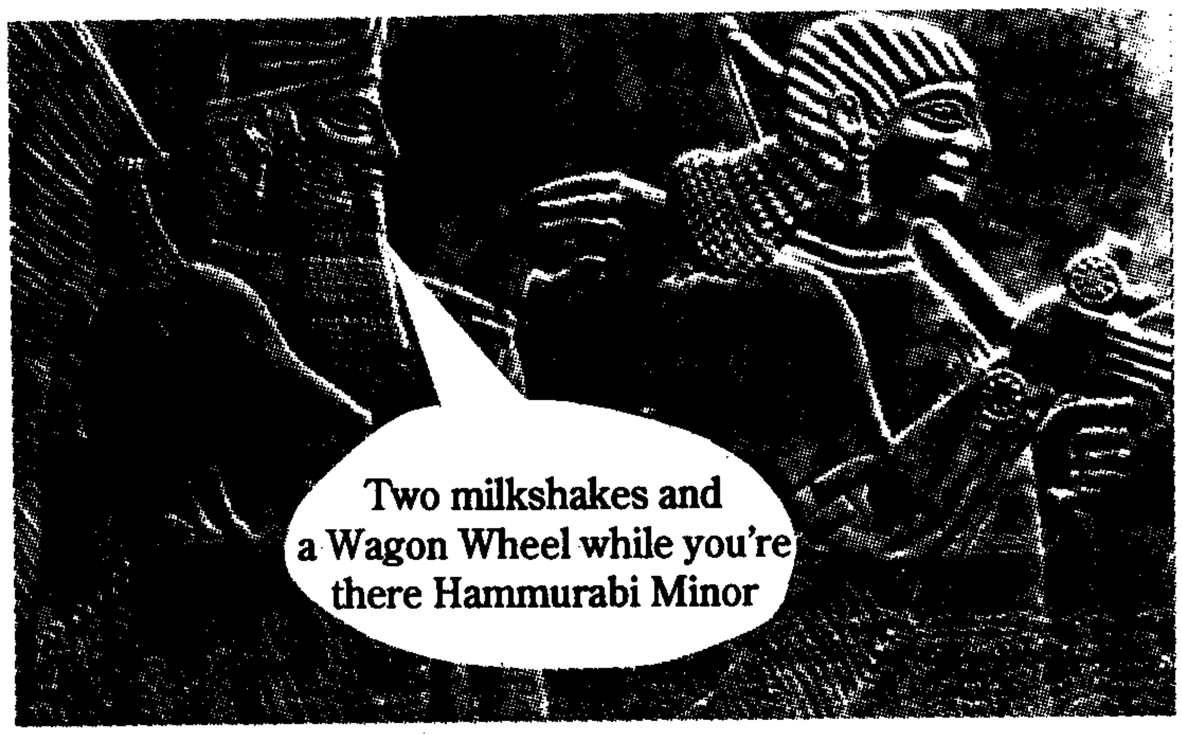
If they're allowed here, was our drift, then why should we not stage a grand Tour de Bretagne which would take place along the roads of France, thus bringing traffic to a halt and so giving Johnny Frog a taste of his own "médécin"?

With this aim in view, I set off (by car) accompanied by my fellow-member of the Tour de Bretagne Action Group, Col Buffy Frobisher, to reconnoitre a possible route for the historic race. We arrived in Calais and our researchers soon led us to a delightful establishment which seemed uncannily like an English pub. Indeed, it was even called "L'Agneau et Drapeau — Le Pub Anglais — Fish 'n Chips Served Ici — Le Patron Mange Somewhere Else".

Here we spent many happy hours discussing the route of our intended cycling marathon, which included the Alps, the Pyrenees and the nude beach at St Tropez. Our chosen finishing line was the Hypermarché de Waitrose in Calais itself, where competitors could fill up their pannier bags with several hundred packs of finest French Heineken lager, before beginning the long journey home.

We remain, sir, in this very agreeable pub where thanks to the splendid EC the drinks are all half-price. Vive La France!

H. GUSSETT,
L'Agneau et Drapeau,
Rue Jacques Delors,
Calais, France.



A Doctor writes **Ephedrine**

As a doctor I am often asked "What is the effect of ephedrine?"

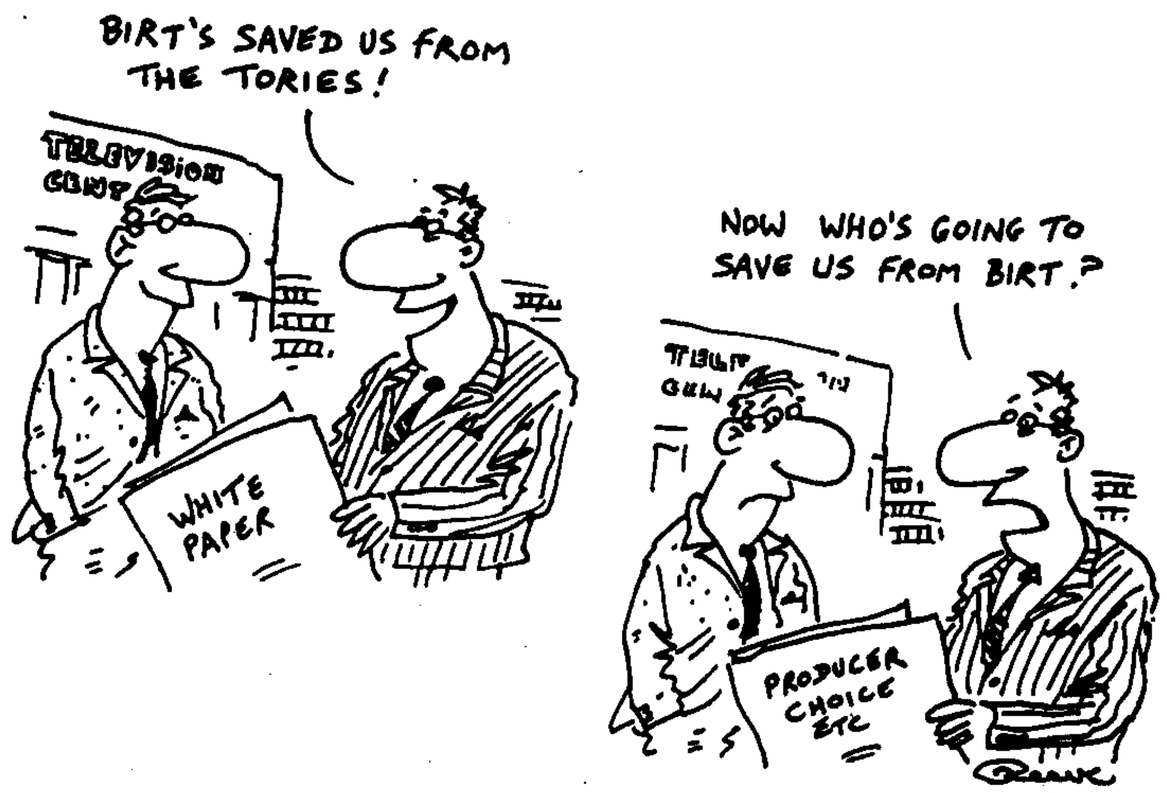
Ephedrine is technically a stimulant which revives flagging interest in sporting events such as the World Cup.

What happens is that the viewer finds that he is struggling to stay awake in the Ethiopia vs. Nepal match in Group Z. (The Group of Deathly Dull, as it is technically known to broadcasters.)

But then with one administration of Ephedrine up the nose of Diego Maradona the whole competition is instantly transformed, causing a rush of excitement as the viewer suddenly finds himself delirious at the thought of the swarthy Argie cheat getting what's coming to him.

Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha.

(You're fired. Ed. Theodore Dalrymple starts next week).



Lines on the Historic Failure of The Irish Football Team to Win the 1994 World Cup

by William Rees-Maradonagall

'Twas in the year nineteen hundred and ninety-four
That Jack Charlton's lads set off for the distant American shore.

All Irishmen entertained a noble dream
That when the final whistle blew, theirs would be the winning team.

Not only in the Emerald Isle were their supporters found,
But all over Britain the cry of "Good Old Paddies" did resound

For neither England nor Scotland had qualified,
Not even Wales — their hopes too had sadly died.

And so it was that, led by Big Jack Charlton,
We all watched their triumphal progress on either BBC or Carlton.

For the first round they beat Italy, thus raising everyone's hopes,
A 1-Nil victory over the lads from the land of the Popes.

Next for the chop were the lads from the land of the fjord,
But unfortunately for St Jack no one from either side scored.

Next came the Mexicans, from the land of the sombrero
And this time the Irish point tally was unfortunately zero.

Twice their opponents found the net,
Which made Charlton's heroes an increasingly unlikely bet.

Nevertheless, they had just done enough to qualify for the next round
Where they faced the lads from Holland in an enormous baseball ground.

All over Britain the excitement was running high
Whilst in Dublin's fair city not a single mouth was dry.
The commentators all agreed to a man
That the Dutch were weak in defence and would be an also-ran.

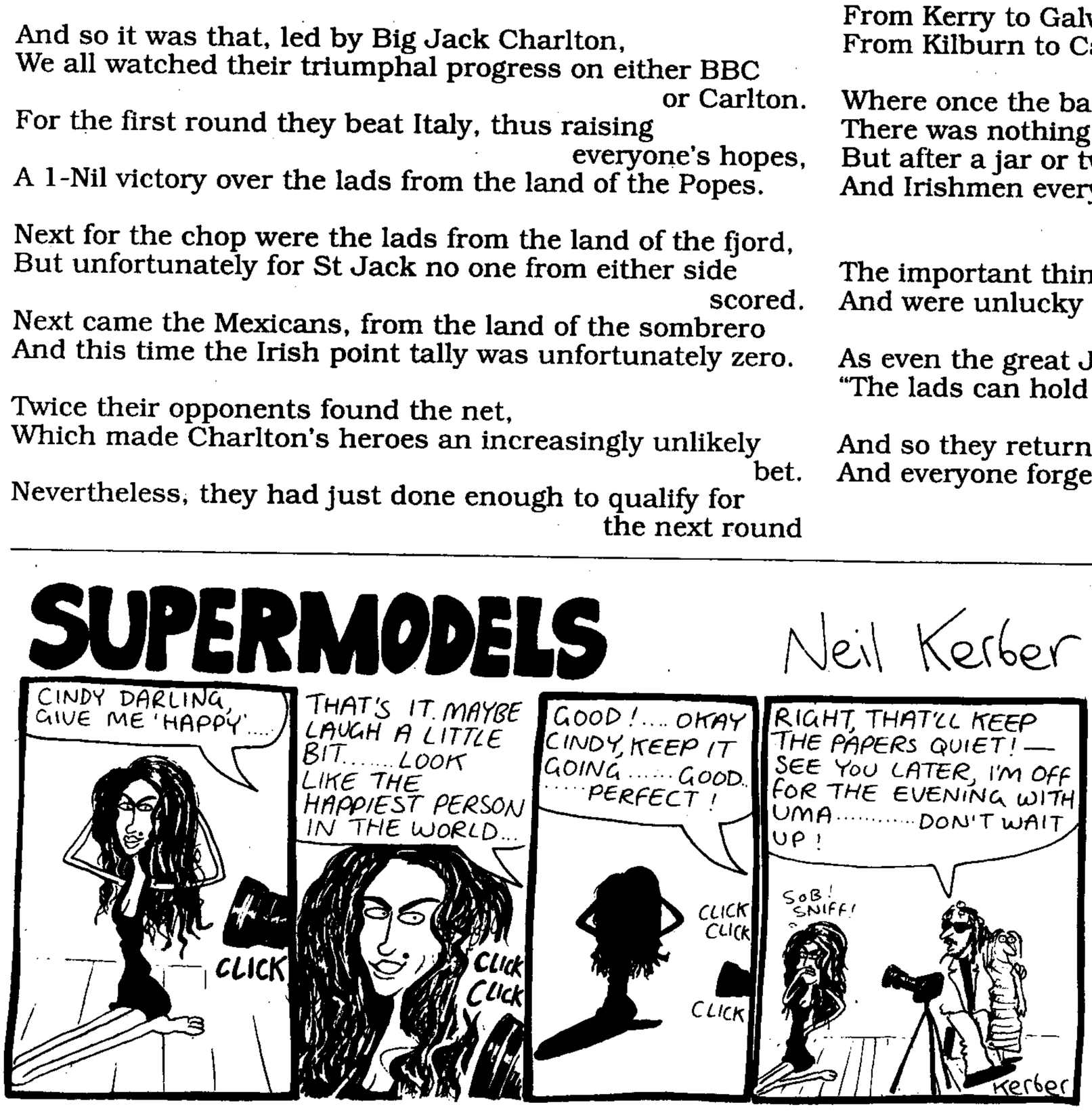
But alas and alack they had reckoned without the luckless goal-keeper Bonner
For when he let in the second goal, Ireland were a gonner.
From Kerry to Galway, from Donegal to Cork,
From Kilburn to Camden, from Long Kesh to New York,

Where once the bars had been filled with cheers
There was nothing now but weeping and tears.
But after a jar or two, more thoughtful counsel prevailed
And Irishmen everywhere realised that their team had far from failed.

The important thing was that they had achieved so much
And were unlucky to have been slaughtered by the superior Dutch.
As even the great Jimmy Hill pronounced on TV
"The lads can hold their heads up high, if you ask me."

And so they returned in triumph to the town of the Liffey
And everyone forget that their performance had actually been rather iffy.

©William Rees-McDonegal


SUPERMODELS
Neil Kerber
CINDY DARLING, GIVE ME 'HAPPY'.....
CLICK
THAT'S IT. MAYBE LAUGH A LITTLE BIT..... LOOK LIKE THE HAPPIEST PERSON IN THE WORLD...
Click Click
GOOD!.... OKAY CINDY, KEEP IT GOING..... GOOD..... PERFECT!
CLICK CLICK
CLICK
RIGHT, THAT'LL KEEP THE PAPERS QUIET! — SEE YOU LATER, I'M OFF FOR THE EVENING WITH UMA..... DON'T WAIT UP!
SOB! SNIFF!
Kerber

We are pleased to announce that Henry Ansbacher & Co. Limited has been admitted as a full member of the London Stock Exchange.

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MADINGLEY: THE SUMMER UNIVERSITY

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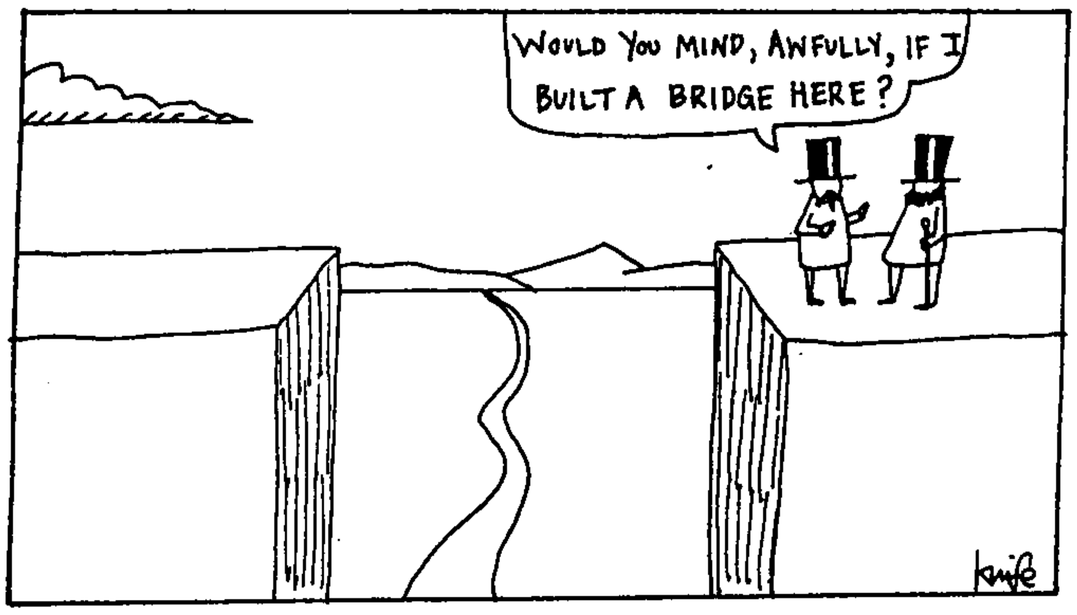


CIVIL ENGINEERS

Eye Picture Special

That Top Euro-Job — Who Will They Pick After John Major's Victory Over the Federalists?

Here are the front runners

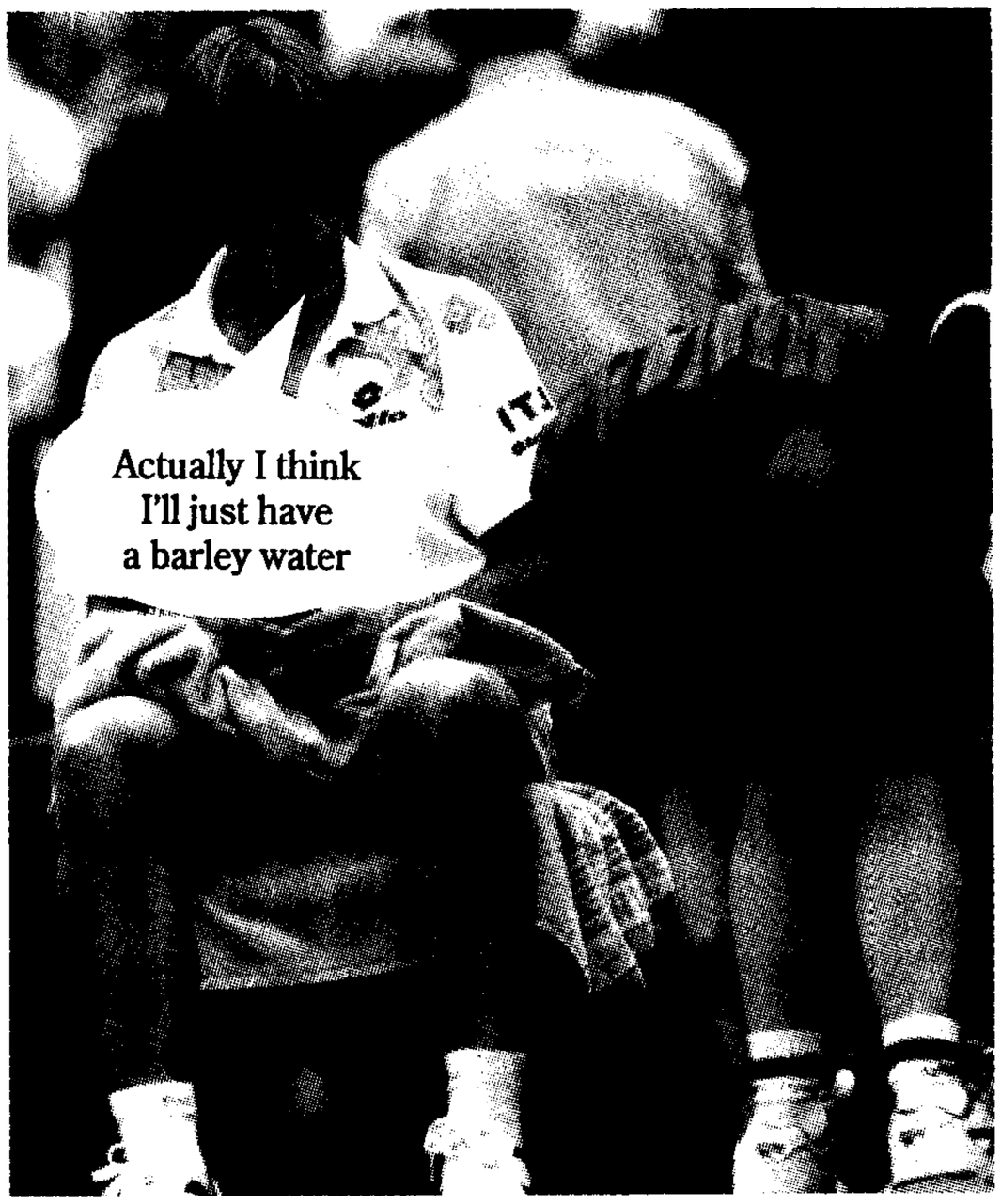
Sven Diagram, 51, long-time Danish commerce minister, now fattest man in Denmark. ★*Rating: led pro-Maast- richt Campaign in recent referendum, has support of Kohl and Mitterand, although the Dutch are said to be lukewarm because of their continuing support for the candidacy of Mr. Lard Rubbers.*

Kurt Hefferlump, 51, long-time Belgian finance minister, now President of the Banque Agricole Cooperative de Louvain. ★*Rating: pro-Federalist, has support of Kohl, 15 stone.*

Shameless O'Federalist, 51 stone, formerly Irish exports minister in Fianna Barbitone Coalition, now Chairman of the Limerick Chamber of Commerce. ★*Rating: enthusiast for single currency and greater European integration, has support of reinforced chair and might make an ideal compromise candidate. When in Brussels would like to eat enormous meal plus wines at expense of taxpayer.* ***(That's enough frontrunners, Ed)***

Kohns Hotline, 51, long-time Luxembourg trade minister, now non-executive director of Legal et Général de Luxembourg. ★*Rating: pro-Federalist, has support of Mitterand, 16 stone.*

GRAND SUMMER PHOTO BUBBLE COMPETITION



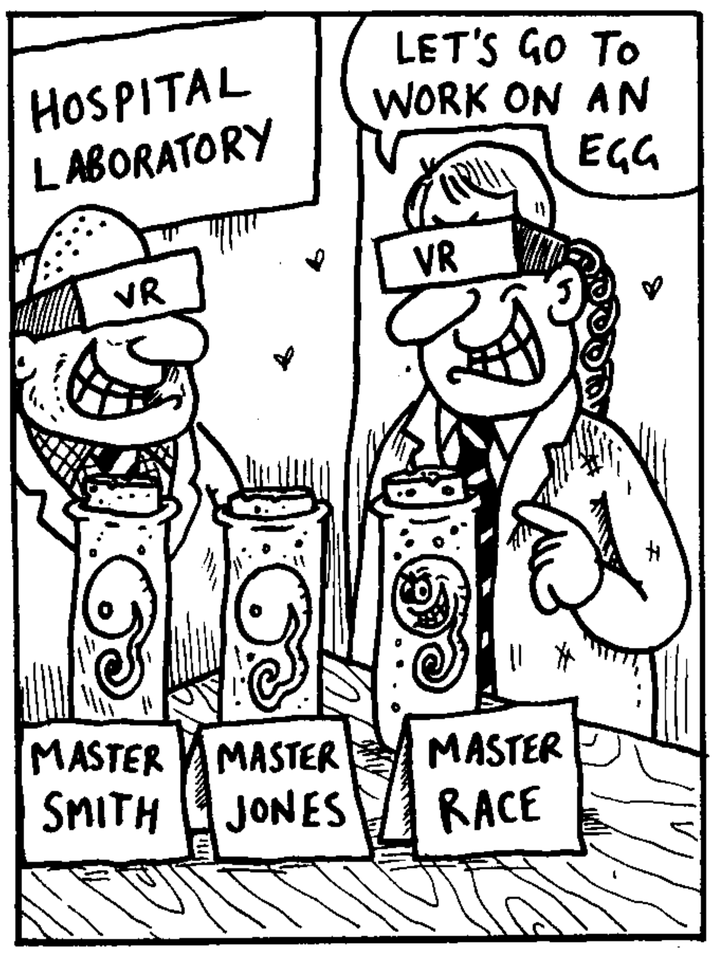
★ **WINNER: N. Ferris.**

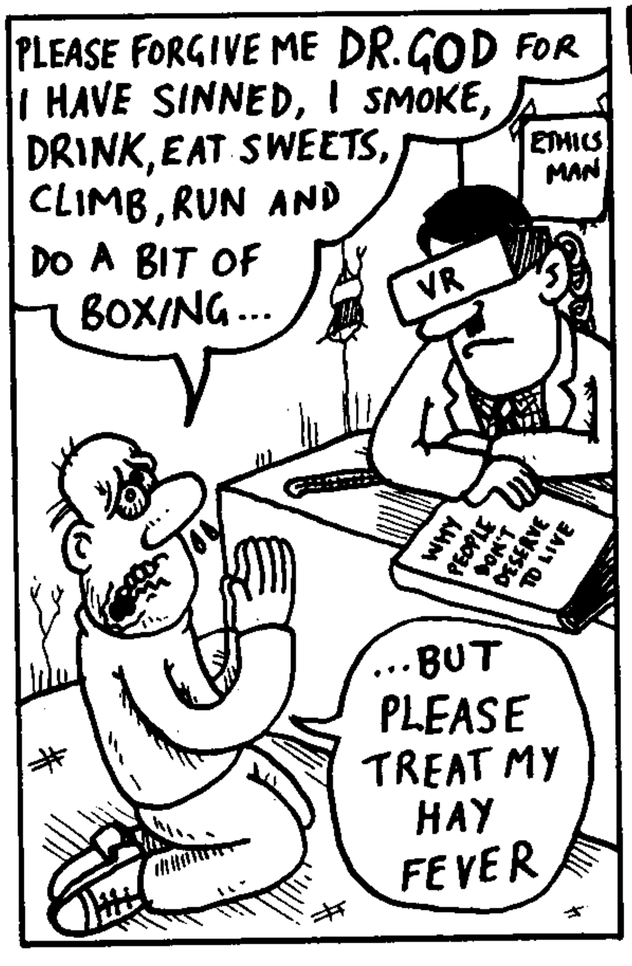
Thanks to all three hundred readers for sending in *"No balls please", "15, love?" "I've got to leave this behind", "I'm going to look up my old friends at Wimbledon", "It's a thigh break", "You should have a Czech-up"*, and tons more filth that cannot be repeated in a family satirical magazine.

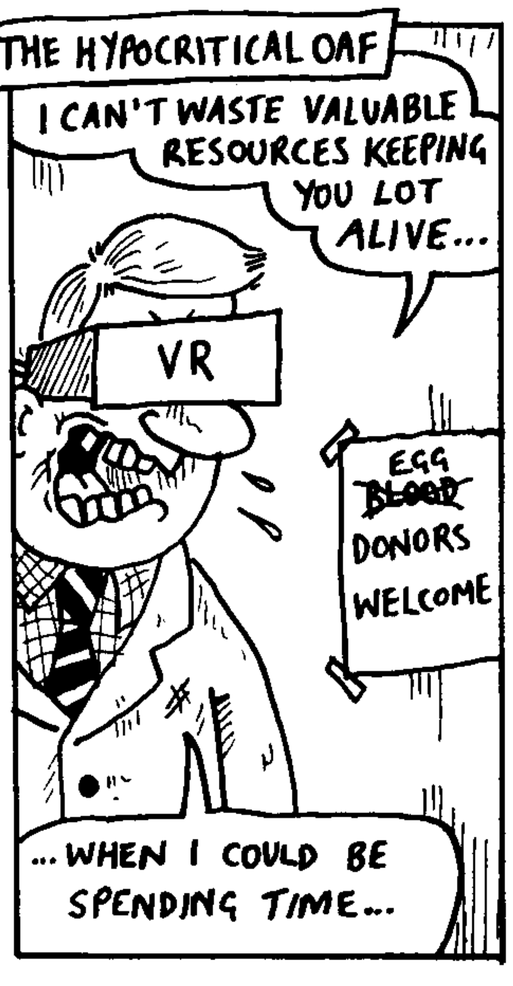
Special Mention. The bottom saying *"I think Britain can produce a world-class tennis player"*.

VIRTUAL MORALITY

BY CUTTER PERKINS & RGJ




PLEASE FORGIVE ME DR. GOD FOR I HAVE SINNED, I SMOKE, DRINK, EAT SWEETS, CLIMB, RUN AND DO A BIT OF BOXING...
ETHICS MAN
VR
VR
WHY PEOPLE DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE
...BUT PLEASE TREAT MY HAY FEVER


THE HYPOCRITICAL OAF
I CAN'T WASTE VALUABLE RESOURCES KEEPING YOU LOT ALIVE...
VR
EGG ~~BLOOD~~ DONORS WELCOME
...WHEN I COULD BE SPENDING TIME...

DIARY

The other night I dined in the Cafe Royal. Personally, I found the atmosphere rather tepid. It was all right when I came in, with hundreds of people — none famous — yacking away. But straightaway there was silence and within minutes they had all cleared out, leaving me all by myself. This happens everywhere I go these days. What on earth have British restaurants come to?

"Do you know who I am?" That's a question that brings them up pretty smartly, I can tell you.

The last time I spent £1200 on a light lunch at The Savoy was back in 1973, when spending £1200 on lunch really meant something. It was a jolly nice lunch in the company of my very good friends who know and like me a lot and are happy to count themselves the very good friends of Michael Winner, and now I'm talking about stars of the calibre of Paul Daniels, Roger Tonge of *Crossroads* fame, Popeye the Sailor Man, and Clarence the Cross-Eyed Lion of *Daktari* fame, my very very good friend Ursula Andress having rung through at the last moment with her apologies, too bad.

This time things weren't so good. In fact, they were bloody awful. When I arrived, the ghastly young man on the front desk threw me a curt, "Good morning, sir, how can I help you?" to which, quick as a flash, I replied, "Do you know who I am — I'm Michael Winner and I demand the best, so less of the good morning sirs and more of the service! Is our table ready yet?"

"Have you booked, sir?" he replied smugly. Rarely have I been so insulted. Whatever happened to old-fashioned manners while we're about it? "Of course I haven't booked, you prat. How dare you! I demand to see the manager. Do you know who I am?"

When finally the manager deigned to arrive, a full two minutes and fifteen seconds later, I was perfectly straightforward and helpful, unloosening my own belt and removing my trousers and Y-fronts. "Can I help at all, sir?" he said.

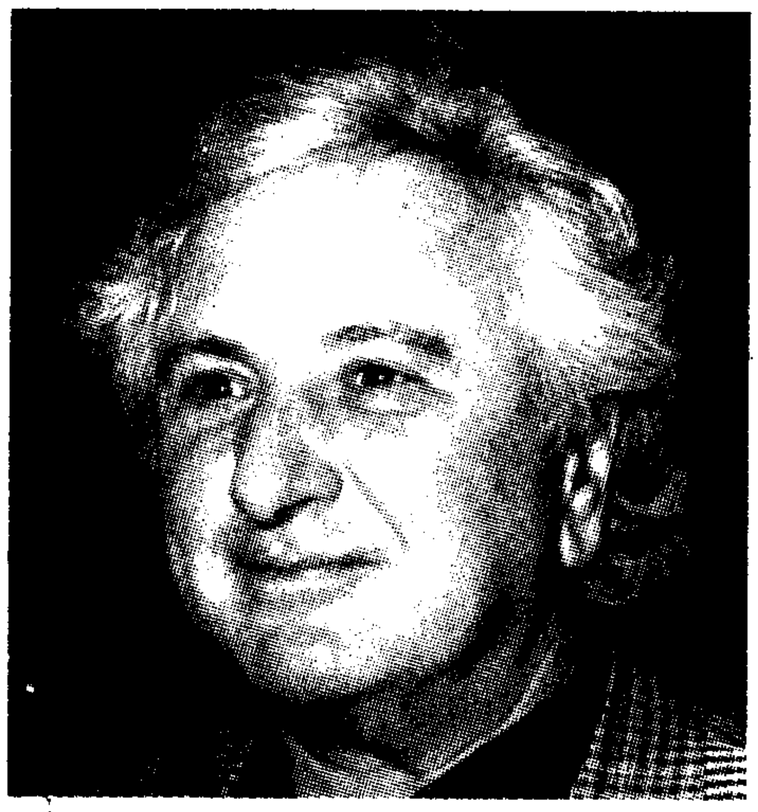
"You certainly can," I replied, leaning over, "I would like my arse licked."

"I'm afraid, sir, that is not a service we can provide," he replied.

So much for the customer, I thought.

"Then I will take my custom elsewhere," I replied. "Come on, Sarah, we're off."

And with that I exited — leaving one very disappointed hotel behind me. Now they'll never be able to boast they once served the director of *Kill, Kill and Kill Again 2* — that'll teach them to be so snooty!



MICHAEL WINNER

For my annual birthday lunch at The Connaught, I booked the best table in the house with a dozen seats and invited a number of my world-famous celebrity friends, all of them very rich indeed as well as being very famous, and rich with it, and incidentally great friends of mine, and world-famous too.

After I had been sitting there for an hour, I waved my napkin at the awful head waiter, who came rushing. "Do you know who I am?" I said. "So, what's the meaning of this, then, you loathsome creature?"

If you can believe it, the stupid oaf pretended not to understand. So I spelt it out in words of one syllabubble.

"You've FORGOTTEN THE TELEVISION!" I said. I sensed that admiring glances were being aimed in my direction from diners on all the surrounding tables. "Are you honestly expecting me to eat a highly expensive meal in a so-called five star establishment without a television to watch! I ask you!"

As the ageing crone rushed away for a telly, I turned to my great friends, among them Marlon Brando and Sean Connery and Raquel Welch and Sophia Loren and cast my eyes to the ceiling.

"Excuse me, sir." It was a young and obviously thoroughly inexperienced waiter.

"Yes?"

"Would you like me to clear these places away? Your guests don't seem to be coming."

"What do you mean — don't seem to be coming! What nonsense!" I said, looking round at the chairs. "They're Hollywood's finest superstars, my lad, and they're my greatest friends, and they're all here with me now — and don't you ever suggest that they're not! More Chateau Latour, Marlon, love?"

That showed him! And my brave outburst had the salutary effect of making the stuck-up Connaught eat humble pie because when the bill came they'd only charged me for one, letting in all my great friends for nothing! One thing's for sure — they obviously know who I am!

What sickens me about today's society is that ordinary men and women live in daily fear of getting mugged, raped or shot in the street. My own varied range of first-rate action movies, which includes *Death Wish 1*, in which a buxom young lady without a brassiere is mugged and then raped, *Death Wish 2*, in which a buxom young lady without a brassiere is mugged and then raped, *Death Wish 3*, in which a buxom young lady without a brassiere is mugged and then raped, *Death Wish 4*, in which a buxom young lady without a brassiere is mugged and then raped and, of course, the innovative *Death Wish 5* in which the buxom young lady without the brassiere is first raped and then mugged, have made it clear that violence in a decent society is to be totally abhorred. When will these thugs start listening to the voice of sanity?

Picasso, Braque and I have all, at one time or another, eaten at the Colombe D'Or. I took Sarah along there for dinner in my chauffeur-driven Rolls. Perusing the menu, I said to her: "Jenny, my dear, you may choose whatever you want from the set menu, whilst I myself will investigate the à la carte, Mandy, my love." So the delicious young lady in question dutifully put down her magazine and stared at the menu.

Frankly, service was a bit slow, so I took out my chain-saw and carved up the table. I need hardly add that the delectable young lady at the next table was positively delighted by the performance, holding her hands to her lovely young cheeks and screaming seductively. And then it struck me. Looking out the window, there was no view. Typical! I picked up my megaphone and called the manager.

"What eez ze trouble, m'sieur?" he said, in a horrible accent, French no doubt.

"There's no view!" I said.

"But it eez night-time, m'sieur", he replied. "It eez peetch dark."

"So this is what eating out in France has come to?! No view at night-time!" I said. "I mean, how much do you have to pay for a decent view these days? Let's go, Samantha! I'm certainly never coming back here again. Do you know who I am?"

We require an experienced retail travel consultant for our office which services the travel needs of the staff and students of the University of Aberdeen. The successful applicant will have a minimum of five years experience in this aspect of travel agency work. Apply in writing, with dull details of experience, to-

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E.Standard

Literary Review

Distinctly fishy

Twelve Red Herrings
Jeffrey Archer
(HarperCollins, £14.99)

THE REPORTERS who wanted to question Archer about his investigation for insider dealing last weekend found the only way to get to him was to buy a copy of this book at Harrods and queue for his signature. Then when they reached him he refused to comment.

They should just have looked in *Twelve Red Herrings* itself. Here, for those who have eyes to see, is some explanation of how Jeffrey Howard Archer has got himself into so many "scrapes", as Thatcher so politely called them in her memoirs. Where did the confusion come from about who is father was, where he went to school and whether or not he was really at Oxford? Why did he give an unknown tart £2,000 at a railway station? How can he have thought Ian Paisley a suitable leader for a united Ireland?

For anybody who has actually read Archer's fiction attentively, such questions melt away. Such is the atmosphere of pervasive unreality; so hackneyed and inobservant are the descriptions and characterisations; above all, so corny, phoney and transparent are the plots, that it is immediately clear that their author must be capable of almost any stupidity. More than that, he is evidently irresistibly attracted to any scam, a volunteer victim for any confidence trick. It cheers one up no end. Maybe it's not going to happen this time, but sooner or later for sure, Archer, despite the peerage and the loot, is going to blow himself up again, perhaps for good.

Twelve Red Herrings consists of 12 astonishingly feeble and antiquated anecdotes (not, in any meaningful sense, short stories at all). Archer simply can't create character. In his world, people are either good eggs or bad news, and are instantly sortable by a few prejudicial signs, mostly based on class. Public school sportsmen tend to be good eggs, obviously, although Archer also tries, with comical incompetence, to create worthy proles.

In the last story, "One Man's Meat", Archer has emulated *The French Lieutenant's Woman* and offered a choice of endings — in fact a menu of four, fatuously labelled "Rare", "Burnt", "Overdone" and "A Point". A man picks up a woman at a theatre and asks her out to dinner... Optionally, he then has a one-night stand / is given the brush-off / discovers she's a lesbian / begins a meaningful relationship.

Archer clearly means to prove himself such a great and imaginative storyteller that he can take a tale in any direction he chooses. The effect on the reader is exactly the opposite.

These variations demonstrate more powerfully than any criticism could the shallowness of Archer's fiction and his mind. This is not fiction, it's filling in a multiple choice questionnaire.

Such ineptitude helps you to understand how Archer could have thought that single-handedly improving his CV was all he needed to do to succeed. Going by such rudimentary pointers himself, it was natural for him to assume the world does too. The son of a decorated military man, a good public school, Oxford, a record of fundraising for charity — how could he fail? No matter that none of these things were what they seemed. Archer deals in signs, not substance, so why should he not invent himself as facilely, as superficially, as he does his fiction? And it nearly worked, didn't it? Implausible it may be as a plot development, but this clown really has become a member of the House of Lords.

The other insight into the hideous phenomenon that is Archer which *Twelve Red Herrings* has to offer is that he genuinely is obsessed with scams and turning tricks. A revolting little story called "Cheap at Half the Price" describes a woman getting her hands on a £1 million necklace by fucking both her husband and her lover into believing that each of them have bought it for her at a bargain £500,000, with the jeweller colluding in the deception. Here in a nutshell you have a guide to Archer's view of women and also of what really matters in life: faking your way to a fortune.

It's his favourite plot. In "You'll Never Live to Regret It", a gay couple try to fiddle an insurance policy for the one who is HIV-positive by getting the healthy partner to take his blood tests for him. But they're caught out by the company when it tricks the survivor into applying for insurance himself and so giving another blood sample. But then — corks! — the company is caught out again when this man suddenly dies a natural death while thus temporarily insured. A twist in the tale! There's tasteful. There's compassionate treatment of Aids sufferers.

But that's not the smelliest old herring. In "An Eye for an Eye", Archer has once more been drawn to a courtroom drama; he just can't help himself (and let's hope that eventually life will once again follow art for him here). A woman is claiming she cannot have murdered her husband because she is blind. A lawyer unsuccessfully tries various ruses (slowly pushing a coffee cup off a table) to trick her into revealing that she can see perfectly well. Then he gets his junior suddenly to take out his glass eye in front of her. The sight is so repulsive it finally gets a reaction.

A man capable of offering this as the work of "probably the greatest storyteller of our age", as the dustjacket proclaims him, is obviously capable of anything: capable even of that supremely spurious creation, that superlatively dreadful fiction, that goes about the streets of London by the title of "Lord Archer".

Books & Bookmen

☐ THE democratisation of HarperCollins continues. Recently, all staff in London and Glasgow received a jolly memorandum from executive chairman and publisher Eddie Bell:

"Really, folks, no big deal, but Fridays in all our UK offices, from now on, are CASUAL DRESS DAYS — meaning, if you wish to dress down that day, you just go right ahead and do that.

"You may wish to wear more formal clothes on a Friday if you have a meeting or lunch with an author, agent, client, or whatever — but that's for you to decide. You might even want to extend the casual dress invitation to the other person. Why not?

"As you know, even when we're dressed casually we don't encourage certain clothes. [Hot pants? Bikinis? Transvestite gear?] If you do have any queries about this, please raise them with your managing director or with personnel.

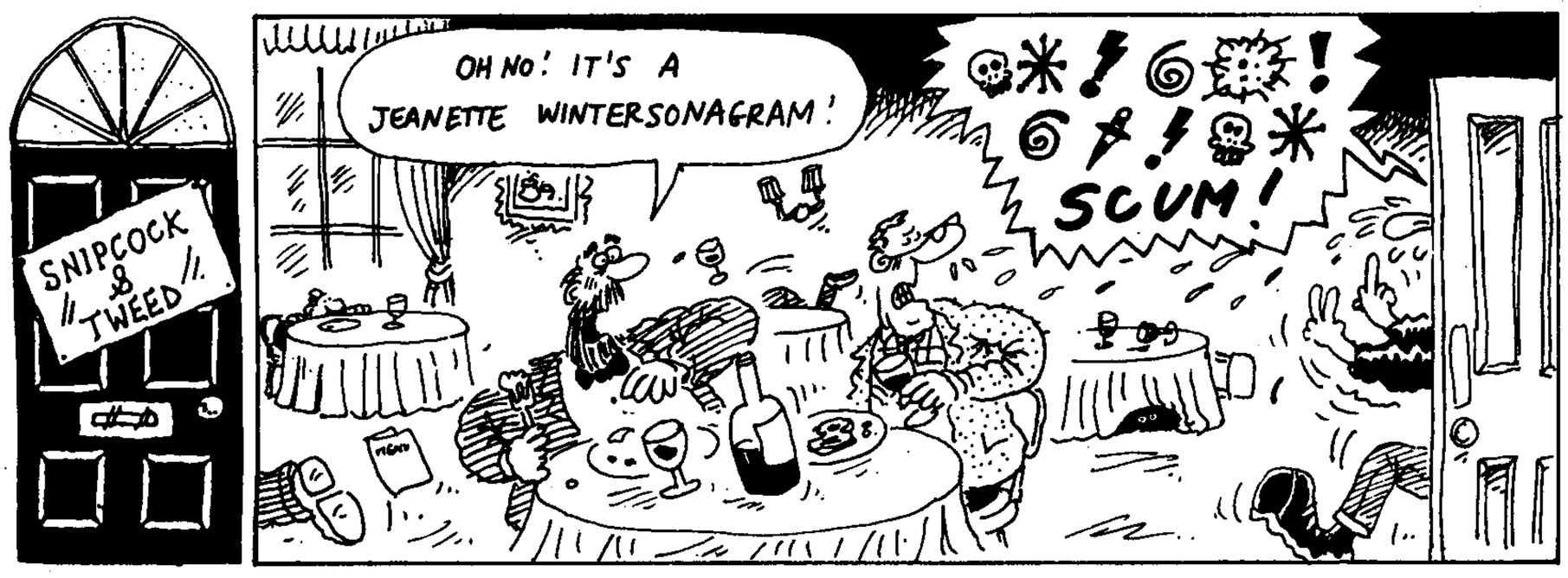
"As for me, I'll enjoy not having to wear a tie that last day of the working week."

■ PENTOS' annual financial results as revealed last week by chairman Sir Kit McMahon were even worse than generally anticipated. He admitted that whereas most Dillons and Hatchards shops were understocked, others were overstocked with books that nobody wanted.

It is rare that publishers, so much in thrall to booksellers these days, step out of line and publicly criticise retailers. Take a curtsey Kate Pocock, head of marketing at our (sic) most elegant university press, Yale, who has written to all the imprint's authors commiserating with them about the fact that "you and your friends may have had difficulty in tracking down your books, or other books you want to buy, in Dillons bookshops (which include Hatchards and The Economists' Bookshop)... the situation is serious, although we are doing our utmost to secure the presence of Yale University Press books in Dillons bookshops. We hope that the situation is short term and that we will be able to start trading with Dillons normally again before too long."

Don't we all.

'Bookworm'



footnotes

ARMS AND AMMAN

ARMS TOGETHER: Thatcher and King Hussein

A CONSISTENT theme of Government apologists at the Scott inquiry into arms sales is that Britain hardly sold any arms to Iraq during the Iran-Iraq war and, compared to most other arms-selling countries, behaved very responsibly.

One answer to this was the allegation, often highlighted in the *Eye*, that masses of arms went from Britain to Iraq via its friendly neighbour, Jordan (the Foreign Office's favourite Middle Eastern country). This view has been supported by some Scott witnesses (most notably Alan Clark, former Minister for Defence Procurement) and ridiculed by others. Any attempt up to now to find hard figures for excess arms sales to Jordan have been met with the usual bland reply that such matters are confidential. The whole subject has been hidden in an all-embracing cloak of secrecy.

Jim Cousins, MP for Newcastle Central, who is still suffering from shock from his experiences as a member of the Trade and Industry Select Committee on Supergun, has been beavering away trying to find out the facts. On 14 June, he asked for the figures for exports to Jordan in the 1970s and the 1980s.

The figures do not allow for inflation, so naturally the 1980s exports (total: £1.8bn) are much higher than for the 1970s (£447m). In each of the nine categories, the figures double, treble or even quadruple, none of which is specially surprising.

But there is one classification where the jump is stupendous. Category Nine is "Commodities and Transactions Not Classified Elsewhere". In the 1970s, exports to Jordan in this category were only worth £18.5m. In the 1980s, the decade of the Iran-Iraq war, the figure rose to a fantastic £581.5m, 30 times or 3000 per cent higher than in the 1970s.

What commodity under this category was responsible for this astonishing increase? Was it perhaps "postal packages", "gold coin and current coin", "gold bullion" or "gold bars"? No expert the *Eye* spoke to could think of any reason why any of these things should have been shipped in much greater quantities to Jordan in the 1980s than in the 1970s.

Which leaves the other main category: "Arms and Ammunition For Military Purposes", under which is listed, for instance, armoured fighting vehicles, tanks, parts for tanks, revolvers and pistols, bombs, grenades, torpedoes, mines, missiles, guided weapons, guns (including naval) howitzers, mortars and every conceivable form of ammunition.

Parkinson's disease

■ "CECIL IS moving in on the top job" announced the News of the World (July 10), tipping Lord Parkinson as next Tory Party chairman. Ultra-right Tory MP John Carlisle cited Cecil's "vast business experience". Here's what he means.

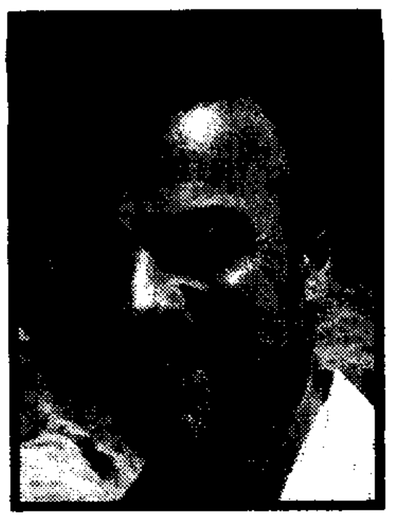
In 1992, Parky took two top jobs in public companies. He became chairman of Usborne, the food manufacturing company, whose shares were suspended in April in terror at the enormous losses they were expecting (not yet divulged). Parkinson's other big appointment was at the construction group Starmin, where he became deputy chairman a few days after the 1992 general election. Starmin's chairman Owen Rout (sic) said he was "delighted" to welcome the former cabinet minister, who had "much commercial experience". Rout assured his shareholders that the group had enjoyed a "year of substantial progress" and profits of £3 million.

After the first year with the benefit of the new deputy chairman's commercial experience, the chairman had to announce losses of £8 million. But that wasn't right. Further inquiries proved that profits had been grossly exaggerated and assets overvalued. A new figure for Starmin's losses was published — £12 million.

The crisis called for desperate measures. Out went chairman Rout. Into his place came the man with "much commercial experience" — the Rt Hon the Lord Parkinson. "I would hope," the noble lord told his shareholders, "that the period of uncertainty is at an end, and the group can look forward to the future." The group would take, he promised, "whatever action is necessary to improve our... financial position."

The result? Losses for 1993-4, just announced, of £23 million. The company is on the verge of collapse and has called in a new management team. The chairman is still Lord Parkinson.

FRIGHT FROM HEATHROW



HERE continues the amazing story of Mr John Gorman, the former policeman who had the gall to complain about the state of the food on British Airways.

Following last *Eye*'s revelations about the assault on him in his home by two thugs who sprayed mace in his eyes, Mr Gorman has had two more abusive phone calls. On 26 June, the caller referred to a court case in which Mr Gorman's friend Peter Sherman, a former BA employee, was appearing the next day. The caller barked: "Sherman, plead guilty tomorrow or else." (Mr Sherman pleaded not guilty to eight charges, which were dropped; and guilty to one for which he got a conditional discharge.)

John Gorman reported the call. Enfield police tell him it has been traced to the police station at Heathrow Airport.

On 30 June, a caller rang again, and said this:

"You two may think you have made a fool of British Airways in court the other day and British Airways investigation branch, but I warn you two the best is to come. Beware!"

This call was also traced. Enfield police tell Mr Gorman it came from "BA Security". It is being investigated, they say, by DC Struthers and DS Lancaster of Enfield CID.

Meanwhile, the *Eye* articles about Mr Gorman are obviously attracting some attention. On Wednesday 6 July, the *Eye* got an anonymous phone call to the effect that a file marked "David Rose" (the *Observer* journalist) which had been stolen from John Gorman's home, had been handed in to Mervyn Walker, legal director of British Airways "by a London detective agency". Such a file had indeed been stolen from John Gorman in the raid referred to in the last *Eye*, but no one knew about it except John Gorman and the police to whom he reported the theft.

On the morning of Thursday 7 July, the *Eye* faxed British Airways press office asking if such a file had been received by Mr Walker. A spokesman replied on Thursday afternoon that Mr Walker could not be contacted and could not answer the question until the next day.

On the morning of Friday 8 July, the British Airways spokesman rang with the news that Mr Walker had written to Mr Gorman the previous Wednesday (the day of the anonymous phone call).

That same morning Mr Gorman got a large brown envelope from Mr Walker's office. It enclosed:

● The stolen David Rose file.

● The envelope, crudely addressed to "Mr M Walker, BA Legal Department", in which the stolen documents had been sent. The envelope had not been posted or stamped, but sent through BA's internal post.

● A letter from Mr Walker, which read as follows:

"Dear Mr Gorman,

"In the normal delivery of post to my office this morning, I received the enclosed envelope. On opening it, I discovered that it contained papers which appeared to originate from you. I am therefore returning the papers to you. I have neither read them nor made copies of them."

This letter was dated, as BA press officers had indicated, 6 July. But it was posted on 7 July — the day the *Eye* faxed British Airways with the news of the anonymous call.

Mr Gorman has reported all this to the police, who will be investigating how stolen property managed to find its way to the director of British Airways Security by way of BA's internal mail.

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Lickiss bum

■ **HELL has no fury like an accountant who loses money, and the *Eye* has been flooded with angry letters about ATV, the accountancy television service set up by Sir Michael Lickiss, when he was President of the Institute of Chartered Accountants (*Eye* 846).**

One cheeky correspondent reminds Sir Michael of some basic rules in corporate accountancy:

1) *Always make sure you've got money in the bank to cover your costs.*

The receivers of ATV point out that "at no time" in its two-year history did ATV have "sufficient funds to meet its costs".

2) *Always file your accounts.*

The accounts for ATV in its second year (1992-93) were not filed.

3) *Try not to discriminate between creditors.*

Lloyds Bank got a charge on every asset of ATV in November 1993. Buckmans, PR firm to ATV (and the Institute of Chartered Accountants) seems to have been paid in full, unlike most other firms and subscribers which were owed money.

4) *Never mix up your own accountancy firm with that of the company.*

In July 1992, the ATV share register was moved to Grant Thornton House, Melton St, London NW1, the headquarters of Grant Thornton, whose senior partner at the time was Sir Michael Lickiss.

ATV's spectacular £2.2m bankruptcy cannot be blamed entirely on Sir Michael. He and his institute were accompanied in the project by the the Association of Certified Accountants (which lost £250,000), the Association of Management Accountants (£100,000) the ICA of Ireland (£25,000) and of Scotland (£25,000).

***WALKING FREE:** Alan Thomas, Michael Collins, and Jeffrey Jones outside Chester Crown Court last month*

All coppers are blameless

A PRISONER'S right to silence, which police chiefs are so keen to abolish, proved of incalculable value to three police officers in their recent trial at Chester for conspiring to send two innocent men to prison for life.

Inspector Jeffrey Jones, DCI Alan Thomas and DC Michael Collins of South Wales police were accused of framing Paul and Wayne Darvell with the gruesome murder in 1985 of Sandra Phillips, a shop manageress in Swansea.

After a 1989 BBC programme produced by Steve Phelps and presented by David Jessel, there was a two-year investigation by Devon and Cornwall police. When the case was referred to the Court of Appeal, the prosecution conceded and the brothers (who had spent seven years in prison) walked free. In a stinging judgement in which he apologised to the Darvells, Lord Justice Taylor suggested: "There may have been serious malpractice by some of the police in the case."

What worried him most was the evidence about Wayne Darvell's "confessions" — the prosecution's strongest point by far. These were made in a series of interviews recorded in a huge 153-page statement written out in his own hand by DS (now Inspector) Jeffrey Jones. Wayne had told his interrogators that his brother Paul had done the murder. Unprompted, apparently, he had included details of the murder scene which only the murderer could have known.

The Devon and Cornwall police had the statements tested by the latest "ESDA" technology. The Lord Chief Justice concluded: "A number of pages had clearly been re-written with different content." For instance, an exchange between Inspector Thomas and Wayne about kicking the body behind the counter had been crucially changed. The jury read this:

Q. What happened behind the counter when he dragged her over?

A. He kicked her a lot.

But DS Jones had originally written this:

Q. After she was dragged behind the counter, was she kicked?

A. Yes, several times.

The original version had the policeman asking the leading question about the kicking, and Wayne passively agreeing. This page was replaced by a far more incriminating version.

PC Michael Collins told the trial he'd taken down an interview in a notebook on the day it happened. Whoops! Devon and Cornwall police found out that the notebook had not been issued to the police until two months after the interview.

The Lord Chief Justice summarised the new facts about the interviews as follows: "The devastating implications of this evidence are obvious. No confidence in the truth or the accuracy of the record can survive it."

Two years later Jones, Thomas and Collins came up on charges of conspiracy to pervert the course of justice. They did not give evidence. Unlike their former interviewee Wayne Darvell, they stuck like limpets to their right of silence. They left their case to their barristers. For Jones, Anthony Hughes QC said that the alterations in the witness statement were "perfectly innocent". For Collins, Anthony Palmer QC had to explain how a note of an interview was contemporaneously entered in a notebook which wasn't issued until two months later. He told the court that DC Collins had in fact taken down the interview on a "jotter" (which could not be produced) and from there into the book two months later. "Stupid and lax," claimed Mr Hughes, "but not part of a criminal conspiracy."

After being reminded of the sanctity of the right of silence — soon to be removed — the jury acquitted all three officers.

No one was in court to explain how or why a blood-stained palm print found on the wall above the murdered woman which did not belong to the Darvells was destroyed on the instructions of a senior police officer; how or why an irrelevant blood-stained earring managed to get into a police car occupied by Wayne Darvell; how or why what even the Lord Chief Justice regarded as one of the most scandalous fit-ups in modern criminal history has gone unpunished; or (most important of all) who killed Sandra Phillips. Who else has he murdered — and is he still at large?

Lex be honest

■ **FOLLOWING the last *Eye*'s further piece about Post Office chief executive Bill Cockburn and his directorship of vehicle leasing company Lex Service, Peter Hain, Labour MP for Neath, has written to Post Office chairman Michael Heron expressing surprise that the *Eye*'s questions on this matter have not been answered.**

"Obviously," he writes, "if the Post Office does do business with Lex, then Bill Cockburn should declare his interest, not just to you, but to the public at large." He asks for full details of Lex business dealings with the Post Office. Any reply will be passed on.

Meanwhile, the big Post Office depot at Mount Pleasant in central London is not living up to its name. The building company VAT Watkins Holdings is in receivership. Workers completing the expensive refurbishment of the depot have been ordered off the site, and only allowed in one by one to collect their tools.

In vain do they plead that the receivership is not their fault, and should more properly be blamed on the directors, present and past. Bill Cockburn resigned as a VAT Watkins director a year ago.

Gillty Men 2

■ Remember Peter Bagshaw whose story appeared here last August? In March 1981 his leg was smashed when a steel frame fell on his excavator on a demolition site in Leeds. He sued his employers, Gill Excavations.

The Builders Accident Insurance Company, financed by all the big boys in the construction business, said the accident was Peter's fault and offered him £20,000.

Peter persevered, ignoring threats to cut off his legal aid.

On July 4, thirteen years on, the case came to Court. The firm and its insurers apologised and paid up: £250,000.

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 071 287 3183

In the City

THE MOST intriguing non-libellous question raised by the Jeffrey Archer insider dealing probe is just who was the fortunate friend who made £80,000 within days of being told to buy Anglia Television shares by the husband of the fragrant Mary, coincidentally an Anglia director?

Archer declines to identify the lucky investor who was so impressed by the great novelist's tip that he went out and invested more than £200,000. Just why the normally motor mouthed Archer should be so uncharacteristically silent is unclear. So too is the failure of the friend to come to Archer's aid. Perhaps this reticence will end once the Tory peer is rightly "cleared" by the impending report from the inspectors appointed by the Department of Timidity and Inaetion.

So far the only suggestion made as to the mysterious investor's identity is that he may from the Middle East. The name of a certain Farouk has been mentioned.

Archer maintains that the mysterious friend staked his own money and took the profit. Archer says he bought no Anglia shares and did not benefit from the £80,000 realised within a matters of days as 50,000 shares were bought and then sold, possibly within the same dealing account, resulting in no requirement to pay anything but dealing costs.

This firmly disproves the suggestion that the cause of Archer's embarrassment was that he had, as a favour, facilitated the share deal by allowing the friend to use either a stockbroker or even an account with which he had some connection. This generous gesture was said to have led investigators instantly to the innocent Archer's door.

Instead Archer maintains he was put in the frame when his friend identified him to investigators as the source of the tip and they immediately but wrongly linked this to his wife's role as an Anglia non-executive director. And, anyway, why would someone who had £200,000 to invest need to use someone else's account? He would surely have his own stockbroker.

The other question concerning the Archer inquiry is why has it taken five months to resolve something so simple involving a handful of people?

It took the Stock Exchange Insider Dealing Group a very short time to get on the case. Within days of the 18 January MAI bid for Anglia it had two reasons to make an investigation — a tip-off that some of the pre-bid Anglia share buying might not have been entirely fortuitous and evidence of a sudden surge in activity in the week before the bid.

By whatever means — admission by Archer's friend or the dealing broker's records — the Stock Exchange knew very quickly of Archer's involvement and of the fragrant link to Anglia. This, and the political factor, ensured the information was passed on rapido to the DTI.

The Stock Exchange report set off alarm bells at the DTI for the same Archer reason. This was not only a Tory peer and former deputy party chairman but the man who would be a minister and a close friend of John Major. With the speed of light — far from the normal DTI reaction — the Stock Exchange report was passed to Trade Secretary Michael Heseltine.

He immediately rushed the ticking report round to a Downing Street which was in early February reeling from a succession of sleazy scandals — Tim Yeo had recently been forced to resign. Afraid of the allegation of a cover-up, the decision was taken to probe further and to entrust the DTI's investigation to outside inspectors.

It is worth remembering amid all this frantic activity that the *prima facie* evidence gathered by the Stock Exchange of the Archer link with the share deal was alone considered more than enough to justify an external investigation, not just one by DTI officials. Such investigations cost on average £100,000 and the DTI follows up only about half the reports it receives.

The number of individuals required to be interviewed by the DTI inspectors was a dozen or less. The key figures were Archer, his wife, the friend and the brokers who did the purchase and sale. Hardly the work of many months.

The Archers told the inspectors that they had never discussed the MAI approach for Anglia and so Jeffrey Archer had no inside information in his possession when he told his friend to buy the shares. That made any prosecution most unlikely as the imparting of confidential information is a crucial plank of any criminal case.

Furthermore, Archer maintains his version of events — that there was no inside information behind his share tip, just "Buy Anglia, there are certain to be bids for TV companies" — was confirmed by his friend either to the Stock Exchange or the DTI or both. There is some confusion as to exactly when and by whom the mysterious friend has been seen.

It is thought that by May or June the results of the investigation confirming Archer's explanation were under discussion within the DTI and the impression had formed that no further action should be taken.

So much so that by June the supposed source of the "leak" that there was a probe into Archer — an official close to the DTI investigation — was telling friends of his frustration at the outcome.

This, however, was hardly surprising. The "beyond a reasonable doubt" test for a criminal prosecution over insider dealing means that the evidence has to suggest a chance of conviction of more than 50:50. With a high profile figure such as Archer involved that ratio automatically rises to probably nearer 75:25. And when the DTI's abysmal prosecution record in such cases (since 1992 played 15, won six) is factored in, the ratio required jumps to probably 90:10.

With Mary Archer saying she never told her husband, Jeffrey saying he did not know and so could not tell his friend, the friend saying he knew nothing and the ample evidence of newspaper and industry speculation that Anglia was a takeover target and MAI was the likely bidder, 50:50 was over-generous. Why then only now is the announcement expected that Archer so confidently predicts will exonerate him? The answer is more cock-up than conspiracy.

Interviewing witnesses and compiling a report with recommendations as to what should be done always takes months rather than weeks where outside inspectors, who have other demands on their professional time, are concerned. Similarly their reports take longer to read if there is a political dimension.

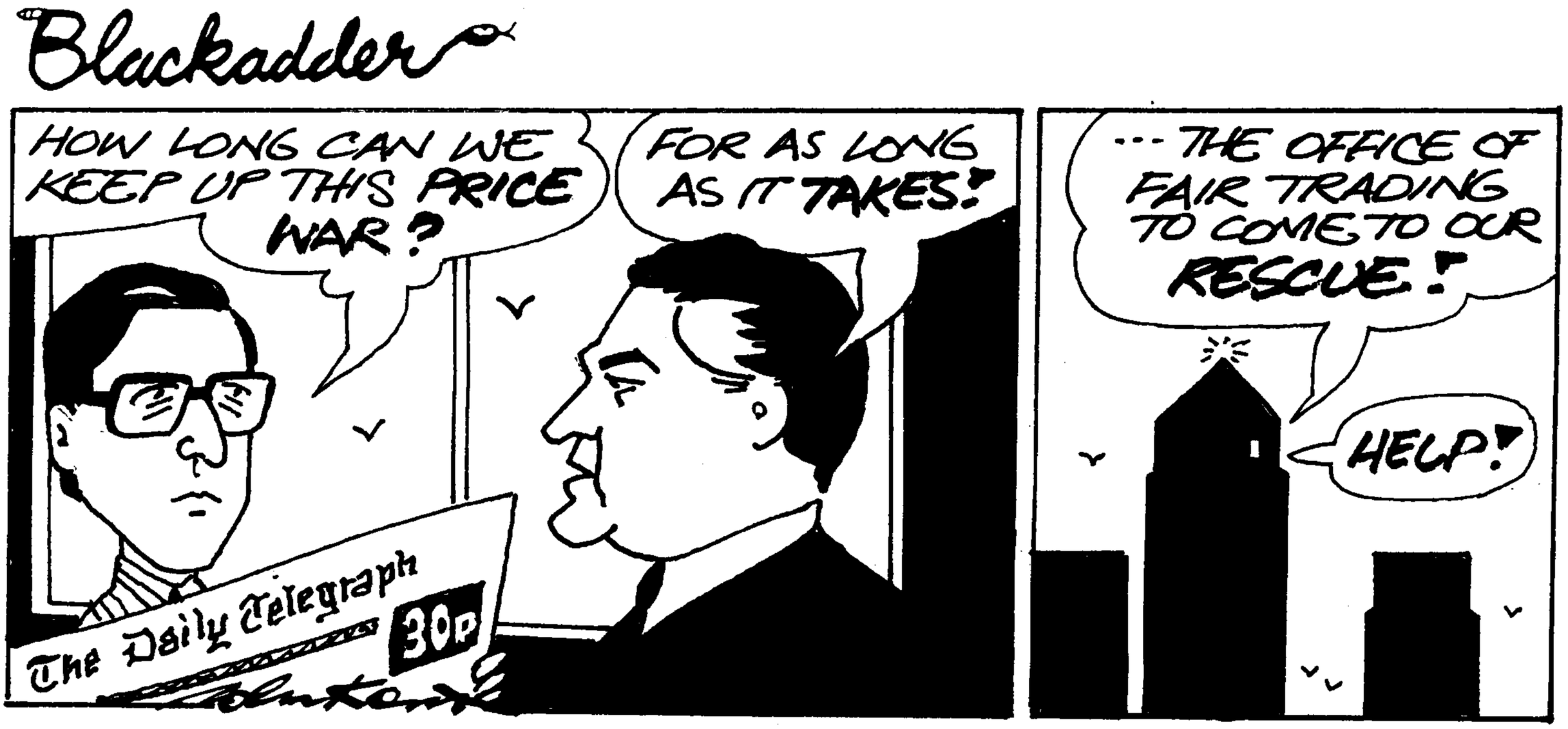
There was absolutely no need to rush because until last week nobody outside knew there was an inquiry. And no one would ever know if no action was taken because there is no legal provision for reports of the inspectors' investigation under Section 177 of the Financial Services Act to be published. So urgency was not high on the agenda. And as Major would no doubt have been kept informed, a "no further action" decision would have had no impact on any Archer role in the planned July reshuffle of the ministerial deck chairs — until the probe leaked.

Then Heseltine and Major decided once again, it seems, that the allegation of a cover-up was more damaging than embarrassing Archer by confirming that he was involved in the DTI inquiry. Perhaps the thinking was that as Archer had been cleared already it would all blow over and any damage would be quickly repaired by leaking the decision that there would be no further action. A decision of which, it seems, Archer was already aware.

If all goes as expected, the Government will announce that it now has the inspectors' report and no further action is to be taken. It could consider publishing the report, but legally has no power to do so. That is why although more than 50 Section 177 investigations have been mounted since 1986, none have ever been published. Even the report "clearing" British Land chairman John Ritblat was never published, despite the 1988 announcement that he was involved in an insider dealing inquiry.

Section 177 reports are not written with fairness or publication in mind, unlike those under the Companies Act Sections 432 and 442. It might not be helpful to anyone if what amounts to an internal report was published. It would also set a precedent which could be difficult to resist in future and which could handicap the preparation of such reports. It would therefore seem in nobody's interest that the DTI report should be published — even the innocent Jeffrey Archer.

'Slicker'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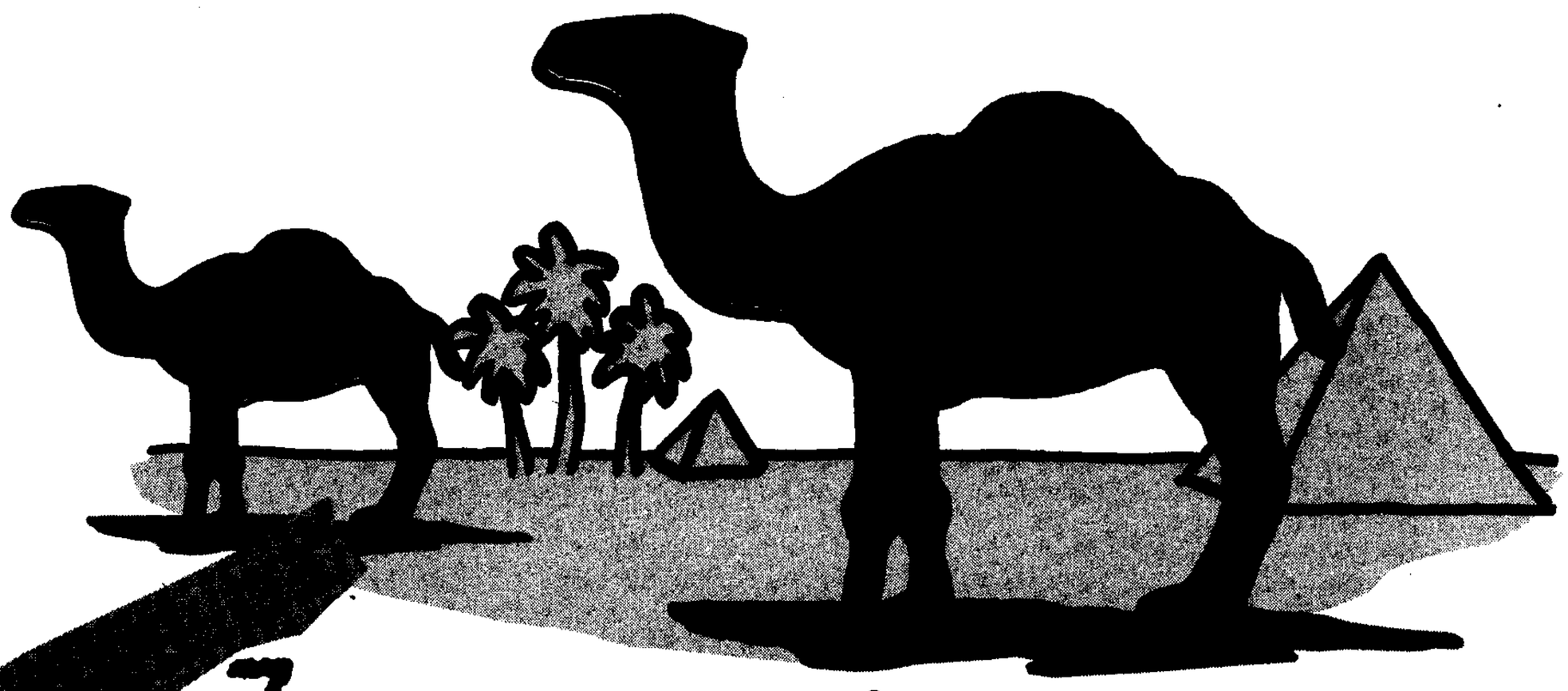

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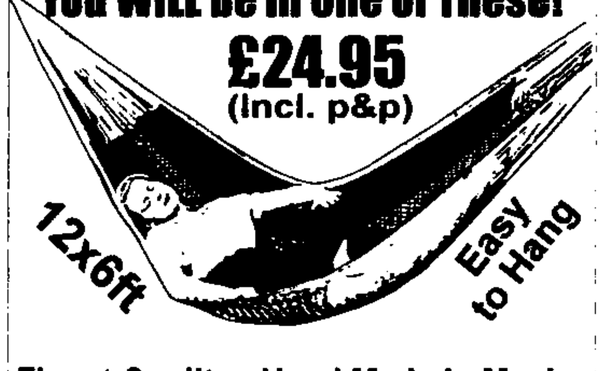

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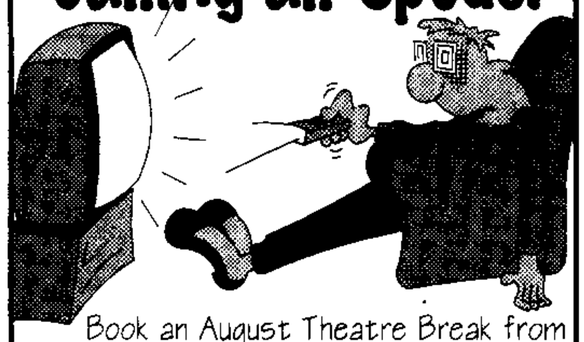

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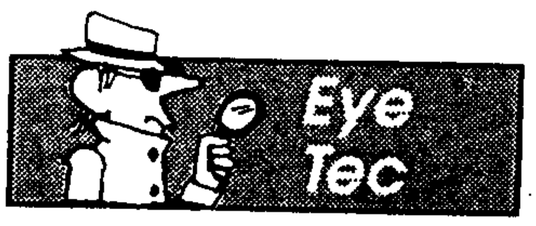

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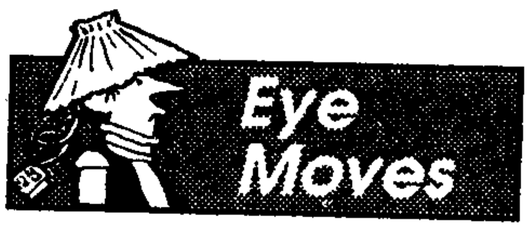

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IMAGINATIVE TOYBOY, TDH, 23, Oxford Graduate, seeks n/s wonderful woman. ALA. London/SE. Box 5450.

WEATHERED NEW MAN, 52, into cats, France, pleasure, seeks loud lusty woman, 40+, between Newcastle and Carlisle. Box 5550.

ADVENTURER SEEKS adventuress for uncomplicated, uninhibited relationship and exploration of mutual pleasures. I am 40, healthy, wealthy, witty, sometimes wise and enjoy life to the full. So let's meet and laugh together. Box 5650.

AMUSING MAN, 44, S. London, fit, well-heeled, in sexless but happy marriage with licence to roam, seeks bright woman for cultural outings and passion. Box 5750.

PRIVATELY PASSIONATE programmer, male, 27, into science, nature, rock and football; seeks the love that knows no bounds with intellectual female. Box 5850.

TALL, HUMOROUS, good-looking gent, 41, seeks attractive lady 30-38 for mutual happiness. Any area. Photo appreciated. Box 5950.

WHERE ARE YOU? Wouldn't you like to travel this journey together? If you are a tall, swm, with a gsoh, aged between 35-45 and if you like the country, animals, champagne and a round of golf, let me know. Photo preferred. Box 6050.

SINGLE, LEGAL EAGLE (33-45) sought for successful, kind, attractive, blonde busy media girl, 33. London. Discretion guaranteed. Photo appreciated. Box 6150.

MALE, 35, professional, unattached, likes wining, dining, theatre, countryside. Seeks likeminded lady willing to be spoiled. South-East/anywhere. Box 2950.

EDUCATED CHAP, young, cleanshaven, sporty, passionate, unattached, seeks opposite (almost) for hedonistic pursuits in the Berkshire/SE area. Box 3050.

LONDON WOMAN would enjoy businessman friend 45-55 to meet occasionally. Box 3150.

WOMAN, 35, WITTY, attractive, overworked, seeks rich husband. Must have sense of humour and own teeth. Racehorses/yacht an advantage. Box 3250.

SLIM, TALL, DARK, handsome, single, professional man, 40, own car, country cottage and hair, enjoys walks, talks, music, meals in and out, seeks vivacious woman with soh. N Herts or nearby. Box 3350.

TWO TALL, good looking guys (late twenties) seek two likewise gals to share a little adventure and fun. We are gentlemen, single, widely travelled and liquid (resources rather than alcohol!). Drop us a line. Box 3450.

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HAIRY-ARSED balding/sweaty/flaky male (25) seeks similar female for mutual disgust. Box 6750.

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IN PRAISE OF older women, graduate 32 seeks lady in her early forties for dangerous(ish) liaison. Box 1850.

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THE SEA HAWK seeks a cracking bird. Interests: music, Celtic-history, art, bodybuilding, modern pentathlon, rugby and acting. Box 2050.

TALL, DARK, HANDSOME compulsive liar genuinely seeks n/s Sussex lass to share the great outdoors. Box 2150.

SENSITIVE, INTELLIGENT, unattached Yorkshire woman, 54, seeks happy, unattached, solvent man of integrity, circa 50, who enjoys Bridge, travel, conversation, exploring new horizons. Letter will receive reply. Photo exchanged. Box 2250.

WOMAN, 30, would like to meet man for a drink. Box 2350.

WARM, BUBBLY, attractive graduate lady, 50s, Brighton-based, enjoys music, theatre, pubs, conversation, seeks professional man for cultivated sensual relationship. Box 2450.

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TALL, SLIM, 40ish, n/s, romantic male, well off, daft sense of humour. Seeks slim, sexy lady for fun/love. SW, will travel. Ring 0660 204958

BEAUTIFUL BOHEMIAN GIRL, 22, into performing arts, writing, theatre, old movies and serious soul music, seeks similar, gorgeous, intelligent guy, 22-30, to adore. Race immaterial. Ring 0660 208332

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SLIM, ATTRACTIVE, caring East European lady, 30, educated, serious, son 4 years old, likes to travel, seeks honest, serious, attractive and unpromiscuous, married minded gentleman, black or white. Ring 0660 208568

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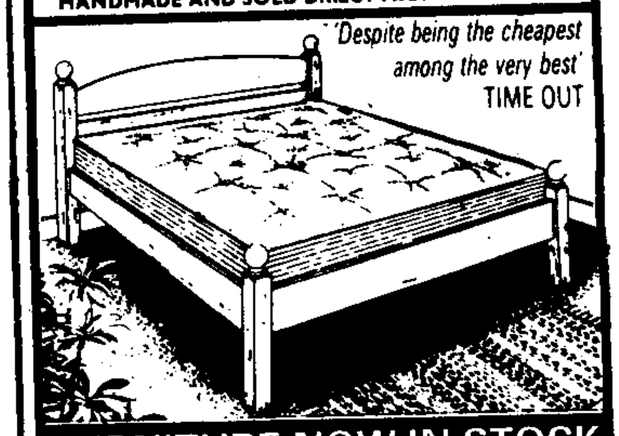

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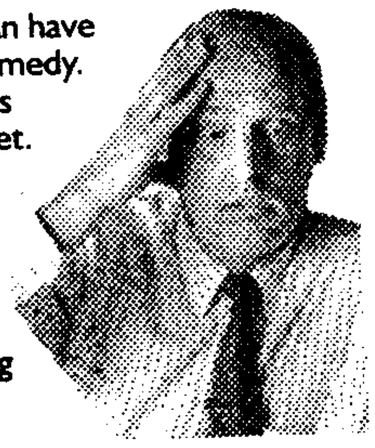

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